

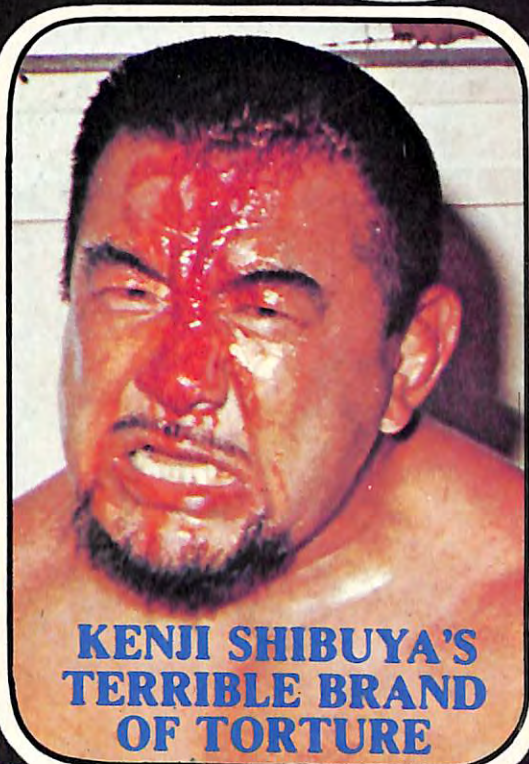
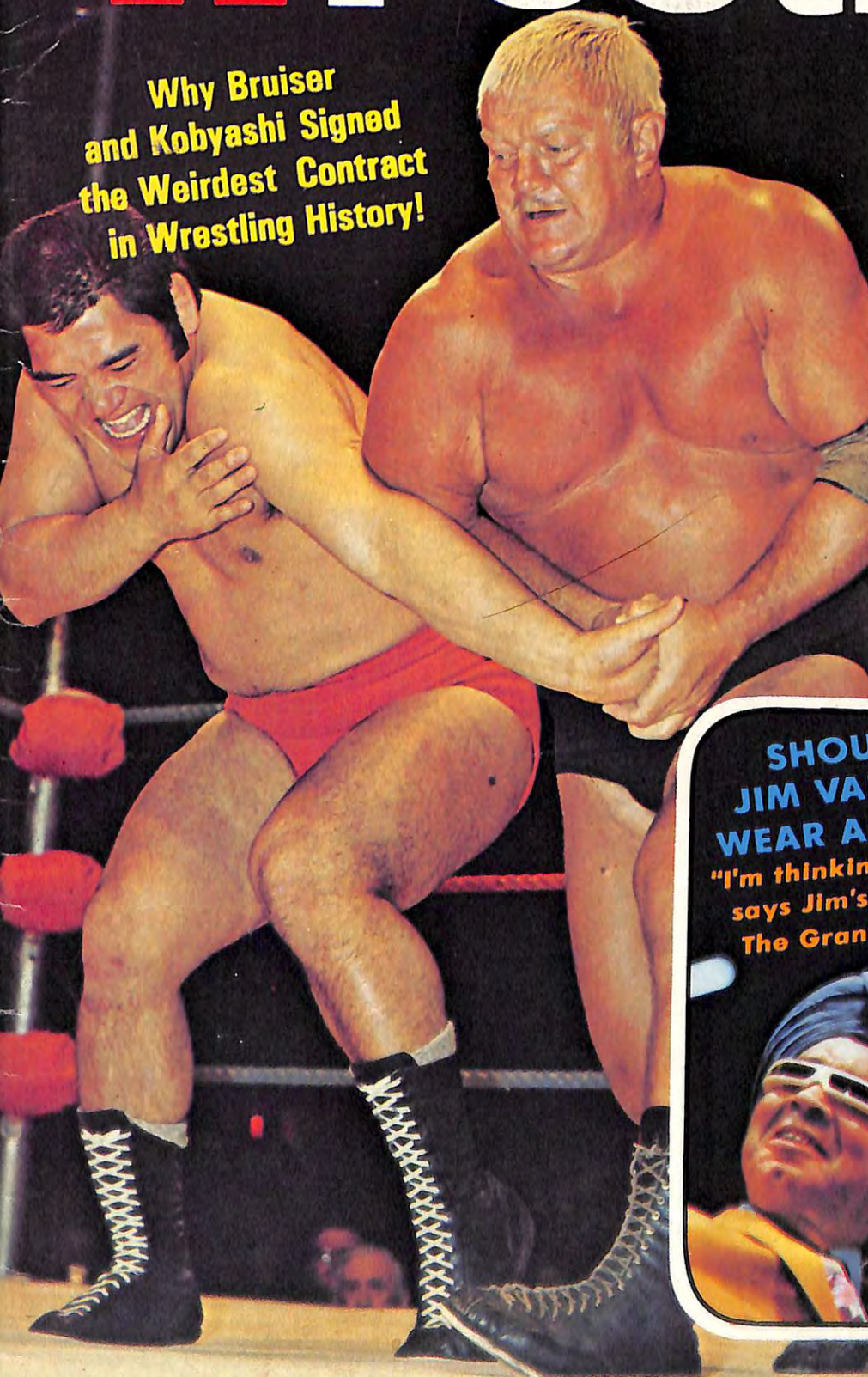
Inside

Victory Sports Series

JANUARY 1972 60¢
47344 K

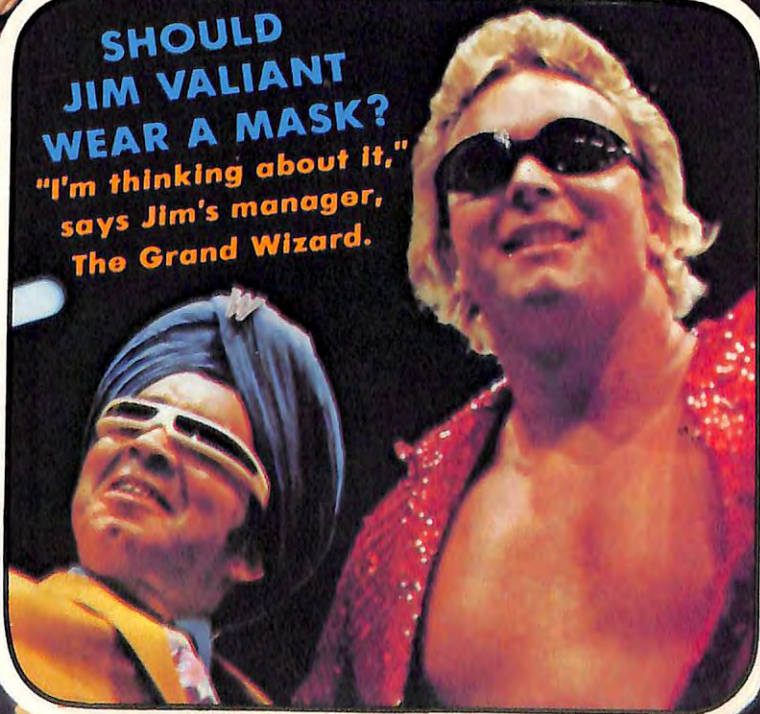
Wrestling

Why Bruiser
and Kobayashi Signed
the Weirdest Contract
in Wrestling History!



**KENJI SHIBUYA'S
TERRIBLE BRAND
OF TORTURE**

**SHOULD
JIM VALIANT
WEAR A MASK?**
"I'm thinking about it,"
says Jim's manager,
The Grand Wizard.



**JOE WEIDER
PRESENTS**

THE TRIM MASCULINE

Here's where you shop for your "BODY SHAPERS FOR THE 70's"—to Shape You Up—to help You Lose Weight or Gain Weight—and create a more Masculine, Virile You!

1



MUSCLE UP & MAKE OUT!

**PUT MUSCLE
IN YOUR MUSCLES WITH ONE TWIST!**

Quickly add up to 2" on your arms, 4" on your chest. Build rippling back muscles. Thick, broad shoulders. The power to lift girls over your head with one arm! One twist of the "007" TWISTER and every muscle in your body ripples with new vigor and power. Builds strong muscles FAST!—muscles that make you an action-packed guy and a super-charged tiger with the girls! Easy-to-use. No adjustments. No assembly. Use it right out of the box for instant muscle-building fun! Made of chromed-steel tubing, the TWISTER is tough... durable... like you'll be! Guaranteed to muscle you up or your money back. ORDER NOW! Only \$9.98

GUARANTEE: If after using the TWISTER 3 days you're not convinced you can quickly twist it for cobra-like muscles in your arms... more muscles on your chest... broader shoulders... wider back... a he-man grip and dynamic power—then return it after 5 days for a full refund. Fair? So order the "007" TWISTER Now, while the limited supply lasts! This unusual offer may not be repeated again this year.



FREE!

Complete, illustrated "007" POWER TWISTER Manual. Also, illustrated conditioning course, dealing with the new aerobics training that muscularizes your body with athletic vigor, speed and agility. Written by Joe Weider, Trainer of Champions. Yours FREE with your TWISTER. ORDER NOW!

EXTRA BONUS GIFT: 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine, worth \$1.80... yours FREE!



PRICED AT ONLY

\$9.98

WITH COURSE



2

This "Killer Karate Krusher" gives you pulverizing hand power!

Just 5 minutes a day for 30 days builds your hands into granite-hard battering-rams of power! Simply fit your fingers into the leather grippers, and with your very first squeeze, you'll instantly start building invincible new power into every tendon and ligament of your hands and fingers!



**MAYBE YOU
DON'T WANT TO
BREAK A BRICK IN
TWO WITH YOUR BARE FISTS OR RIP
A PHONE BOOK IN HALF—BUT
WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF YOU COULD?**

Here's a brand new way... a fantastically successful system that turns your hands into fearsome, devastating arsenals of power! Based on centuries-old secrets of Japanese Killer, Cults and a Space Age hand-building principle, my KILLER KARATE KRUSHER can make you into a two-fisted tank of power... able to take care of yourself... anytime... anywhere... in all situations! You'll never again fear any man or turn away from any challenge. ORDER IT TODAY! Only \$9.98 postpaid.

MY GUARANTEE TO YOU: You'll own fearsome, ferocious, crippling arsenals of hand power—and become a "Terror-Fighter," able to take care of yourself in every situation—IN 30 DAYS—or your money back!

GREAT FOR SPORTS, TOO! FEAR NO MAN!



FREE



My "Killer Karate" Course... "The Deadly Art of Hand Fighting." Shows dozens of ways to disarm and counter-attack any man, whatever his size! Yours FREE if you order the KILLER KARATE KRUSHER Now!

PRICED AT ONLY

\$9.98

KARATE KRUSHER & COURSE

3

THE END OF THE SKINNY BODY

Drink on as much as 14 pounds in the next 14 days this delicious FUN way!



BEFORE—James Parker at a thin 158 pounds.

AFTER 14 days on the Crash-Weight Plan, Jim weighed 175 pounds.

GAINS 14 POUNDS IN 14 DAYS!

HEY YOU SKINNY GUYS! Thousands are doing it every day. WHY NOT YOU? Here's a totally new breed of nutritional "wildcat" drink that's guaranteed to put an end to your hungry-looking, muscle-poor body... through a new, scientifically-blended milkshake-tasting drink. Crash-Weight Formula #7 Plan puts meat on your frame. Fleshes out your narrow, shallow chest, skinny arms and spindly legs. Nobody likes a bag of bones! With my proven Crash-Weight Plan you just drink 4 milk-shake-delicious glasses with your regular meals and take in an extra 3500 calories daily... to help you pile on the weight FAST! (It's the calories that count when you want to put on some handsome weight!) The nice thing about my weight-gain plan is that it's so easy to take. No complicated exercises to do. No bloating, heavy-as-lead foods to force into your system. The Formula #7 Plan does all the work... you just sit around, take it easy, be as lazy as you want—and in a few days you'll see measurable weight gains pile up! Check the coupon for the Plan and flavor you want to use to put an end to your skinny body. Guaranteed to put weight on you or your money back.

To add up to 14 pounds in the next 14 days you need:

- 14-day supply of Crash-Weight Formula #7
- 14-day supply of Appetite-Stimulating tablets, and

FREE

Weight-Gaining Course. A 48-page illustrated guide crammed with step-by-step instructions in weight-gaining basics. PLUS 3 copies of Mr. America magazine, worth \$1.80...yours FREE!

7-day supply: \$8.00 • 14-day supply: \$14.98
(Your choice of Chocolate or Vanilla flavor)



PRICED AT ONLY

\$8.00

FOR A WEEK'S
SUPPLY & COURSE



BODY LOOK FOR THE '70'S!

Your Good Looks—Your Health—Your Virility—are *Your* responsibility. So Start NOW to use one or more of these "Body Shapers For the 70's". Shake up your physical fitness program and Light Up the 70's!

4

Joe Weider
Creates . . .



the STRONG ARM METHOD

with these New

"HELL BENT for LEATHER N' LEAD" BRACELETS—

They Turn Your Arm Power On!

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH TO WEAR THEM?

Snap on these electrifyingly New "HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD" Strong Arm Bracelets—and instantly your arms will start getting bigger and "oozing" 100% more power—almost without effort! Your body will take on the appearance of ferocious strength . . . striking fear and terror into anyone who would even think of attacking you!

NO EXERCISE — NO SWEAT — TO CREATE ARM POWER

There are no special exercises to do. You simply wear these unique weighted bracelets everywhere you go . . . at work or play, and even when relaxing! They instantly begin packing muscle on your arms as you perform the simplest arm movement; raising and lowering your hands, swinging them back and forth as you walk or run, play tennis, golf, etc. They build rugged, ferocious arm power for every sport . . . yes, including Karate!

SHE'LL LOVE THE LOOK OF YOUR ARM POWER!

Your manhood and virility will quickly COME ALIVE to women! They'll instantly sense your sex appeal and want to be in your arms.

THEY SPELL OUT 'POWER' — & ARE 'MOD'-STYLED

Expertly crafted from genuine leather and gold-toned lead weights—with the word P-O-W-E-R spelled out on each of them—these bracelets are the latest in mod fashions. They go well with all your clothes, turning them into vigorous-looking styles. You come alive with muscle and sex appeal—ALL AT THE SAME TIME!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Come on, Tiger—give these Strong Arm "HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD" bracelets a try for 10 days—entirely at our risk. If you don't turn on the Arm Power fast, you can return them for a full refund. Fair? START NOW TO BECOME MORE OF A MAN IN SECONDS!



ONLY **\$7.95** for one
Or, Get 2 (1 for each wrist)
FOR ONLY **\$14.95**

Another JOSEPH WEIDER
Breakthrough!

5 Slim Down & Make Out

with
JOE WEIDER'S
SLIM-GARD
THE INSTANT SLIMMER



Just slip on Joe Weider's New "Science Weapon", SLIM GARD and instantly start trimming your waist and hips to a sexy-slim size—without dieting—without tedious exercise!

And when combined with the "Slimmer's Routine" SLIM GARD can really flatten your pot belly and "pulverize" unwanted fat away from all over your body! Here's Proof: In a controlled University test, students reported waist losses of up to 3 1/4 inches and overall fat losses of 17 pounds—IN ONLY 2 WEEKS! They called it a "small miracle" the way it worked so fast!

Yes, SLIM GARD has really revolutionized weight reducing. Men everywhere are regaining their youthful, virile appearance by wearing it under their clothes and letting it work for them as they sit, stand, walk, run, bend, eat, watch TV or relax. It turns the simplest body movement into a waist-trimming exercise without effort. It can work "miracles" on your waistline, too.

And remember, SLIM GARD is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows . . . SLIM GARD's secret is its gentle but firm "hugging" action that keeps warm air in—cool air out, trimming inches effortlessly away!

SLIM GARD and the "Slimmer's Routine" work effectively for the fat or slender man. Simple instructions are included for the man who wants to quickly lose 20 to 40 pounds . . . and for the slender fellow who wants to lose only a few inches off his waist without losing weight.

And remember, SLIM GARD is hidden—no one knows—nothing shows . . . except the inches that go. You're guaranteed impressive results in 14 days or your money back!

FREE! THE SLIMMER'S ROUTINE

Savvy Slimming Tricks to Shape You Up and Trim You Down. Here's Part 3 to the Slimming Formula—the surprisingly effortless "Aerobic/Circuit" training routine used by athletes, coaches and models to get into shape fast. Within 14 days you'll be Firmer, Slimmer, More Energetic and Stronger—creating a New, Youthful, Sexier more Exciting You! IT'S YOURS FREE—with SLIM GARD!



THE SLIM GARD
(Made to Last for Years)
with The Slimmer's Routine

\$11.95

Comes in sizes: Medium & Large

USE THIS SHAPE UP... MUSCLE-UP COUPON!



JOE WEIDER

25 Maple Street
Norwood, N.J. 07648

Dept. 209-22P6

Dear Joe:

Thanks for letting me know about your "Shape-Up" . . . "Muscle-Up" courses and products. Please send me the items checked below, along with my FREE gifts. I understand all your products carry a full money-back guarantee . . . no "ifs" . . . "ands" . . . or "buts".

I enclose check or
money order for: \$.....

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

1 ☐ "007" TWISTER, Free course & 3 copies of Muscle Builder magazine only **\$9.98**

2 ☐ KILLER KARATE KRUSHER & Free "Killer Karate" course only **\$9.98**

3 ☐ CRASH-WEIGHT FORMULA #7 PLAN with Free course (check one):

☐ 7-Day Supply only **\$ 8.00**

☐ 14-Day Supply only **\$14.98**

Check flavor desired: ☐ Chocolate
☐ Vanilla

4 ☐ "HELL BENT FOR LEATHER N' LEAD BRACELETS"

One Bracelet only **\$ 7.95**

Get Two For only **\$14.95**

5 ☐ SLIM DOWN & MAKE OUT KIT with SLIM GARD and the Free "Slimmer's Routine" only **\$11.95**

Check waist size: ☐ Medium (30-38)
☐ Large (39-47)

Inside Wrestling

CONTENTS/JANUARY 1972

- 6 **OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS**
See how good your favorites are—officially!
- 8 **FAN CLUB CORNER**
A special column for very special fans
- 10 **NEWS FROM THE WRESTLING CAPITALS OF THE WORLD**
Our staff correspondents tell you what's going on
- 12 **SHOULD THIS MAN WEAR A MASK?**
Is Jim Valiant too handsome to show his face?
- 18 **BOB ROOP—WANTED FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER!**
One of the most bizarre inside stories in sports history
- 20 **DUTCH SAVAGE LIVES UP TO HIS NAME**
An exclusive—and very revealing—interview with big Dutch
- 24 **IN TORONTO THEY HAD TO FENCE IN THE WRESTLERS**
And they did it to protect the wrestlers!
- 28 **KENJI SHIBUYA'S TERRIBLE BRAND OF TORTURE**
He suffers much more than his victims
- 32 **THE DAY THE GIRLS MARCHED ON WASHINGTON**
After their torrid battle, the girls set out on their vital mission—all-for-one and one-for-all!
- 37 **"HOW I SAVED MY PARTNER'S LIFE"**
Sam Steamboat's incredible story of life and death in the ring
- 42 **THE DAY THEY BURIED COWBOY ELLIS' FAMOUS HAT**
The most heart-warming incident in a fabulous career
- 46 **ANTONINO ROCCA—MORE AMAZING TODAY THAN EVER BEFORE**
An inside report on one of wrestling's superstars
- 52 **THE WEIRDEST CONTRACT EVER SIGNED**
Bruiser and Kobayashi signed it, but Super Brucie was the deciding factor
- 54 **"THE NIGHT DON EVANS TRIED TO RIP OUT MY EYE!"**
Eddie Graham describes the most horrible experience of his historic career

STANLEY WESTON
Editor and Publisher

ROBERT J. THORNTON
Managing Editor

STEVE ENDE
BILL APTER
Associate Editors

JEFFREY SUPER
Research Editor

CHARLES SARGENT
Chief, Production

HUBERT PATRICK
MICHAEL GRECO
JODY LYNN
Art Staff

ARMANDO MEL
Mechanical Preparation

BOB VERLIN (Chief)
THEO EHRET
TONY LANZA
ROGER BAKER
BOB SABRE
BILL BEACH
Photographers



INSIDE WRESTLING is published monthly by T.V. Sports, Inc., Box 58, Rockville Centre, NY 11571. The entire contents of this magazine is protected by copyright and no part of the contents can be reproduced without written permission of the copyright owner. All material submitted for possible publication will be given careful consideration but must be accompanied by a return self-addressed, stamped envelope. Copyright by T.V. Sports, Inc., 1972

15 ways to bigger pay.

Choose from these growth fields that offer opportunities for advancement and higher earnings. Send for FREE booklet that tells how you can train in your spare time at home.

A man may work for years at his job and still be worth only modest pay. Without special training the chances for promotion and more money are often limited.

You may command a much bigger salary than you are now earning—with prestige and privileges to go with it—by getting out of the ranks of the untrained. When a really good position is to be filled, it's not just length of experience that counts, but also *how much you know*.

How you can move ahead

Without interfering with your present job, and by devoting only a little of your spare time, you can prepare for advancement in your present work—or for a start in a new career—through LaSalle home study. The cost is low.

LaSalle has been a leader in home education for more than sixty years. This correspondence institution has enrolled over 2,000,000 ambitious men and women for training in business, high school and technical subjects.

Many Certified Public Accountants have received their training by mail from LaSalle. LaSalle's law



"I am really grateful to LaSalle... in the past four years my income has increased over \$10,000."—Norbert Kaitan, Ridge-wood, New York.



"My earnings are over 4 times greater since my LaSalle training."—George R. Kelly, W. Bridge-water, Massachu-setts.

courses have helped numerous people to achieve greater success in business. Large numbers of students have benefited from LaSalle training in business management, interior decorating, drafting, hotel/motel management, and other practical fields.

When you enroll, you put yourself in capable hands. You study under the supervision of LaSalle's experienced faculty. Upon satisfactory completion of your study, you receive the LaSalle diploma—a recognized and respected credential.

To get full information, mail the coupon below for free booklet. No obligation. LaSalle, 417 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605



Check one of 15 FREE booklets in coupon and mail today!

© 1971 LaSalle Extension University

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution • 417 S. Dearborn Street, Dept. 74-052, Chicago, Illinois 60605

Please send me, without cost or obligation, FREE booklet and full information on the field I have checked below:

ACCOUNTING

- ☐ Complete Accounting
- ☐ Income Tax
- ☐ CPA Training
- ☐ Modern Bookkeeping

LAW COURSES

- ☐ Bachelor of Laws Degree
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ Insurance Law
- ☐ Claim Adjusting Law
- ☐ Law for Police Officers

DRAFTING

- ☐ Complete Drafting

TRAFFIC AND TRANSPORTATION

- ☐ Complete Traffic Management

REAL ESTATE

- ☐ Complete Real Estate
- ☐ Real Estate Brokerage
- ☐ Real Estate Management

COMPUTER PROGRAMMING

- ☐ Basic Training

ART TRAINING

- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Oil, Water Color Painting
- ☐ Complete Training

RESTAURANT MANAGEMENT

- ☐ Complete Executive Training

HIGH SCHOOL

- ☐ High School Diploma

HOTEL/MOTEL MANAGEMENT

- ☐ Hotel Executive Training
- ☐ Motel Management

DIESEL MECHANICS

- ☐ Basic Training

INTERIOR DECORATING

- ☐ Complete Training

STENOTYPE

- ☐ Machine Shorthand

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

- ☐ Introduction to Business Management

DENTAL OFFICE ASSISTANT

- ☐ Complete Training

Print

Name..... Age.....

Address..... Apt. No.....

City & State..... Zip.....

OFFICIAL WRESTLING RATINGS

WORLD WIDE WRESTLING FEDERATION

- 1-PEDRO MORALES
- 2-BRUNO SAMMARTINO
- 3-STAN STASIAK
- 4-JIM VALIANT
- 5-CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW
- 6-GORILLA MONSOON
- 7-BEAUTIFUL BOBBY
- 8-LUKE GRAHAM
- 9-TARZAN TYLER
- 10-KARL GOTCH

AMERICAN WRESTLING ALLIANCE

- 1-VERNE GAGNE
- 2-EDOUARD CARPENTIER
- 3-BRUISER
- 4-VON RASCHE
- 5-BLACKJACK LANZA
- 6-BUTCHER VACHON
- 7-RED BASTIEN
- 8-THE CLAW
- 9-MAD DOG VACHON
- 10-BLACKJACK MULLIGAN

MIDGETS

- 1-LORD LITTLEBROOK
- 2-LITTLE BEAVER
- 3-SKY LOW LOW
- 4-MIGHTY BRUTUS
- 5-FRENCHY LAMONT
- 6-BILLY THE KID
- 7-MIGHTY ATOM
- 8-LITTLE BRUISER
- 9-SONNY BOY HAYES
- 10-LITTLE JOEY

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

- 1-DORY FUNK JR.
- 2-JACK BRISCO
- 3-FRITZ VON ERICH
- 4-FRED BLASSIE
- 5-MIL MASCARAS
- 6-EDDIE GRAHAM
- 7-THE SHEIK
- 8-JOHN TOLOS
- 9-NICK BOCKWINKLE
- 10-JOHNNY VALENTINE

TAG TEAMS

- 1-PAT PATTERSON & BILLY GRAHAM
- 2-LUKE GRAHAM & TARZAN TYLER
- 3-GOLIATH & BLACK GORDMAN
- 4-MIL MASCARAS & EL SICODELLICO
- 5-THE KANGAROOS
- 6-THE MEDICS
- 7-CHIEF JAY STRONGBOW & GORILLA MONSOON
- 8-JACK & JERRY BRISCO
- 9-CRUSHER & RED BASTIEN
- 10-JIM VALIANT & BEAUTIFUL BOBBY

WOMEN

- 1-FABULOUS MOOLAH
- 2-TONI ROSE
- 3-VIVIAN VACHON
- 4-CORA COMBS
- 5-JESSICA ROGERS
- 6-BETTY NICCOLI
- 7-EVELYN STEVENS
- 8-DONNA CHRISTENELLO
- 9-PAULA KAYE
- 10-JANE SHERILL



PEDRO MORALES



VERNE GAGNE

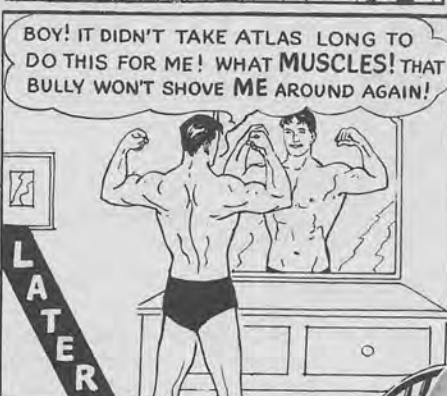


DORY FUNK, JR.



FABULOUS MOOLAH

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"



Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU A NEW MAN!

ARE you "fed up" with seeing the huskies walk off with the best of everything? Sick and tired of being soft, frail, skinny or flabby — only HALF ALIVE? I know just how you feel. Because I myself was once a puny 97-pound "runt." And I was so ashamed of my scrawny frame that I dreaded being seen in a swim suit.

The Secret of How I Got My Build

Then I discovered a wonderful way to develop my body fast. It worked wonders for me — changed me from the scrawny "runt" I was at 17, into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I can build up YOUR body the very same natural way — without weights, springs or pulleys. Only 15 minutes a day of pleasant practice — in the privacy of your room.

My "Dynamic-Tension" method has already helped thousands of other fellows become real he-men in double-

quick time. Let it help YOU. Not next month or next year — but Right NOW!

"Dynamic-Tension" Builds Muscles FAST!

If you're like I was, you want a powerful, muscular, well-proportioned build you can be proud of any time, anywhere. You want the "Greek-God" type of physique that women rave about at the beach — the kind that makes other fellows green with envy.

FREE My Valuable Illustrated 32-Page Book. NOT \$1.00 — NOT 25c — but FREE!

Mailing the coupon can be the turning point in your life. I'll send you a FREE copy of my 32-page illustrated book, "How Dynamic-Tension Makes You a NEW MAN." Tells how and why my method works; shows many pictures proving what it has done for others. Don't delay. Mail coupon NOW. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2182 115 E. 23rd St., New York, N. Y. 10010.



Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2182
115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y. 10010

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Broader Chest and Shoulders | <input type="checkbox"/> More Energy and Stamina |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ironhard Stomach Muscles | <input type="checkbox"/> More Magnetic Personality |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tireless Legs | <input type="checkbox"/> More Weight—Solid—in the Right Places |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Slimmer Waist and Legs | |

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic-Tension" can make me a new man. 32 Pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. This does not obligate me in any way.

Print Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City & State.....Zip.....

State.....Code.....

FAN CLUB CORNER

THOSE CHAPS FROM "down under," The Australians—also known as Ron Miller and Larry O'Day—have given Sue Vorhis the okay to start a fan club in their honor. Sue requests all fans wanting to join, write her at 5610 South West 38th Street, Davie, Florida 33314. It sounds simply smashing!

Here's another club that's "Fuller" good things. You guessed it. The Ron Fuller Fan Club. The club is amply run by Ellen Guttieri and we just received our copy of "The Fuller Bulletin—#1." It's chock-full of features such as gossip, crossword puzzles and results. Write to Ellen at 102 West 7th Street, Hialeah, Florida 33010.

Attention fans in the World Wide Wrestling Federation area. Do you want to keep posted on your favorite wrestlers? Do you want to know who he's beaten and who he's lost to? Well then, the World Wide Wrestling Federation Championship Results club is the one you've been looking for. Not only is this bulletin full of results, they also carry quizzes, photos and fan club listings. Sound good? Contact Steve Rosenfield, 7001 173rd Street, Flushing, New York 11365.

Another club for you eastern fans to look into is the Tri-State Wrestling



News Fan Club. President Lon Paskowitz reports their bulletins are called "The Flash" and they are interesting as well as informative. Drop a line to Lon at 24 Brighton—10 Path, Brooklyn, New York 11235.

Hardly a new club is the club Joe Pottigieser heads for his honorary, Ray Stevens. Joe's bulletins and other club material are always up to date and done real well. Join this fantastic club by writing to Joe c/o The International Ray Stevens Fan Club, 3463

Good-looking Ron Fuller's fan club is just "fuller good things," according to Ellen Guttieri, the club president. Write to her for the details.

Ravendale Court, San Jose, California, 95111. The "Blonde Bomber" will appreciate it, too.

Did you know that Ray Stevens' arch enemy Pat Patterson has a fan club in his honor also? The club is run by Dorothy Hopkins. Members receive an 8x10 photo of Pat, membership card and bulletins. Dottie's address is 84 Prospect, San Francisco, California.

One of the most creative and well done bulletins in "Fan World" is Neil Berger's "Boston Ring News." Some of Neil's features are "Rasslin' Shorts," which is a fine gossip column, biographies and results. To get a copy of the Boston Ring News contact Neil at 228 East Foxboro Street, Sharon, Mass., 02067.

Charles Cruzshak compiles the Fairfield County Wrestling News and it supplies results and features of all the wrestlers in the NWA, WWWF & AWA territories. Charles also includes gossip and exclusive interviews. Why not give it a go? Drop a line to Charles at 91 Georgetown Road, Weston, Conn. 06880.

Just a reminder fans: any time you write to a fan club and request an answer—you must send along a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Good fan clubbing. We'll see you next month. ☐



Ring physician declares Ray Stevens healthy. And Ray's fan club, run by Californian Joe Pottigieser, has been one of the healthiest around.



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question: What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: What do you mean by a "command of good English"?

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly

and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?

Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question: Wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?

Answer: No, not anymore. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question: Is this something new?

Answer: Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability,

discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question: How do I know it works?

Answer: There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question: Who are some of these people?

Answer: The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries . . . almost anyone you can think of.

Question: How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?

Answer: Some people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question: How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer: I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet which explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells you how you can gain a command of good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, Dept. 2224, 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Ill. 60060.

No salesman will call

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 2224 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060

Please mail to me, without obligation, a free copy of your 32-page booklet,
HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP CODE _____

If 18 or under, check here for special booklet. ☐

NEWS FROM THE WRESTLING CAPITALS OF THE WORLD

NEW YORK—PHILADELPHIA— BOSTON

Fred Blassie is back in town and he's anxious to relieve Pedro Morales of his World Championship... Victor Rivera and Gorilla Monsoon are teaming up in hopes of grappling the W.W.W.F. tag team title away from Luke Graham and Tarzan Tyler... Mike Conrad has returned after a successful Southern tour... Jim Valiant and Jay Strongbow still have a score to settle. Both their recent bloodbaths ended in time limit draws... New York State Athletic Commission still refuses to lift the ban on women wrestlers... Mike Pappas hates Beautiful Bobby's guts... Moose Monroe and Manny "Cyclone" Soto would love to kill each other... The Grand Wizard and Stan "Heart Punch" Stasiak are fuming over the promoters reluctance to give them another shot at Pedro Morales' World title.

CALIFORNIA

Paul Demarco insists he was given a fast count the night he lost his United States Championship to Peter Miavia... John Tolos is still the most hated and feared wrestler in the state of California... Black Gordman and Goliath still haven't settled their feud with their former friends Kenji Shibuya and Mr. Saito... Betty Niccoli wants a return bout with the Fabulous Moolah. Betty is sure she can capture Moolah's title this time... Ray Stevens has left the area to wrestle in Georgia... "Irish" Pat Barrett has one of the largest armies of fans we've ever seen... Raul Matta almost unmasked El Solitario last time they met... The Medics are wrestling separately



St. Louis is anxious to land Mad Dog Vachon—but he insists he appear only in main events.

—very often. Has something gone wrong?... Mil Mascaras and his brother El Sicodellico are the #1 contenders for the America's tag team title. Gordman and Goliath are the current title holders.

BUFFALO

Johnny Powers hates Crusher Verdu and his manager Bruce Swaise so much that he's trying to convince promoters to let him wrestle them both at the same time... Waldo Von Erich's North American Championship is saved too often by the time limit rule... Lil' Abner and Pete Sanchez are feuding with Kurt Von Hess and Eric the Red... Tiger Jeet Singh is the most popular

wrestler to hit Buffalo in years... Promoters here are trying to arrange a re-match between the Sheik and Bobo Brazil.

ST. LOUIS

Harley Race is crying for a return match with Dory Funk Jr. He came close to beating the champion and now Jr. is reluctant to sign for a re-match... Cowboy Bob Ellis will be returning to this area soon... Lou Thesz is a frequent "guest Referee"... Mad Dog Vachon will come to St. Louis if he's guaranteed main events only... Jack Brisco and Von Raschke are still at each other's throats... Marva Scott is a fantastic talent. She's lightning fast and clever too... Wilbur Snyder and Lou Klien gave fans a real treat when they wrestled. It was the "cleanest" bout the fans have seen in a long time... Moose Cholak wants out of the prelims... Promoter Sam Muchnick is trying to sign Fritz Von Eric for a series of matches.

TORONTO

The Sheik was lucky to come out alive in his last battle with Mighty Igor. Igor claims the Sheik is the most vicious man he's ever met... Haystack Calhoun and Lord Layton are chasing the Love Brothers... Sweet Daddy Siki has left for Hawaii after a successful three months here... Chris Tolos and Hans Schmit continue their unbeaten string... The Stomper and Abdullah Farouk are constantly snarling at each other... Bobo Brazil and Dom DeNucci are trying to run Butcher and Mad Dog Vachone out of the territory. □

GROW MAN GROW!

GROW MAN GROW! (Ladies too!)

Could you use a few more inches in height?
Are you fed up with being called 'shorty', 'Little Man'
or even 'Hey you down there'.

NOW for the first time on the North American
continent we present NEW HEIGHT, a complete,
illustrated step-by-step course showing how you
can actually increase your height from two to six
inches in a few short weeks.

No gadgets, strenuous exercise, appliances, drugs
or elevators - NEW HEIGHT is based on a Swiss/
English Scientific method which reactivates the
whole body. Here's PROOF:

*"Before taking your NEW HEIGHT course I
was two inches shorter than my girlfriend, now five
weeks later I am an inch taller. She is thrilled."*

NEW HEIGHT is effective for either sex, completely safe
and what's more every course comes with a written guaran-
tee that you will actually grow inches
taller, or your money cheerfully refunded.
You have nothing to lose . . . but your
shortness!

Spend a few minutes a day in the privacy
of your own room, following our step-by-
step instructions and in only a few short
weeks you will be amazed at your increase in height.

Listen to what 'RT' of Toronto had to say about our secret
method:

*"At 43 years of age I have gained 3" in height. My am-
bition is to keep going until I reach the six feet mark."*

*"Your NEW HEIGHT course is worth ten times your
cost. My life has changed since I gained 4½". 'GE'
New York, N.Y.*

*"I gained a full inch the first 4 days" says JFG of
LA, Calif. "I have no hesitation in recommending
NEW HEIGHT to anyone who wants to be taller".*

Whether it be social success, love, sports, jobs or pleasure,
the tall man always seems to get there first.

ACT NOW! If you are worried about being short, act NOW
for a new you! Tall up instantly and permanently with our
fully guaranteed NEW HEIGHT method. Don't hesitate
another minute. Gain height. Be Taller NOW!

Our course is priced at only \$7.98, a modest sum in return
for the happiness added tallness can bring you.
Order now and we will rush our complete NEW HEIGHT
secrets in plain wrapper by first return post.

height gain - guaranteed!

Medically approved by doctors,
hospitals and clinics
throughout the U.S.

NEW HEIGHT®



BE

TALLER!



NEW HEIGHT Dept. 11814

PO Box 146 Brampton, Ont. Canada
You bet I want to be taller!
Rush complete course NEW HEIGHT to
me under plain wrapper. I understand
there is full money return if I don't gain
inches in height. Enclosed \$7.98 (money
order / cash / check (allow 3 weeks on
checks for bank clearance)

Name.....
PLEASE PRINT

Address.....

Age Height increase desired in.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

GROW MAN GROW! (Ladies too!)

GROW MAN GROW!

GROW MAN GROW!

GROW MAN GROW!

GROW MAN GROW!

GROW MAN GROW!

GROW MAN GROW!

SHOULD THIS MAN WEAR A MASK?



Handsome Jim Valiant (left) might have to don a mask if the Grand Wizard (below) gets his way. The Wizard claims Jim is too handsome for his own good, and he fears his wrestler might become seriously injured by aggressive females.



Handsome Jim Valiant is so good looking it could prove to be his bloody ruination!

WHEN FRANK SINATRA was crooning during the late 1940's, girls screamed, sighed and occasionally passed out.

During the 50's, Elvis Presley's sex appeal made women across the nation swoon in front of their television sets.

In the 60's, Sean Connery, playing

James Bond, had females on the edges of their movie seats, thinking censored thoughts, as he became the prime example of a rugged, ruthless He-Man who treated beautiful women as toys.

Every decade has its idols, men like Tom Jones, who cause women to faint just by smiling at them. No-

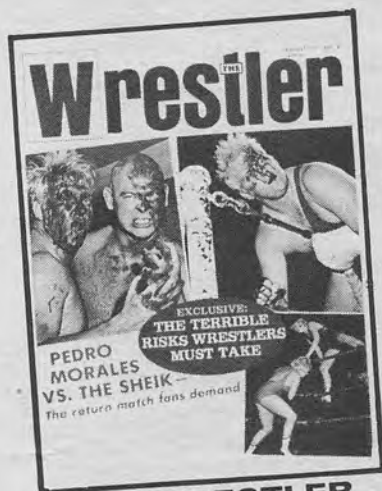
body has become the idol of the 70's —yet. But he could very well turn out to be a 28-year-old, blue-eyed, blond-haired hunk of wrestler named Jim Valiant.

Valiant, 6-3 and 240 pounds of muscle, has been on the wrestling scene for just a short time. But fans

(Continued on page 14)

WRESTLING'S GREATEST SUBSCRIPTION

DEAL



THE WRESTLER
(Published Monthly)

**THE FABULOUS TWINS
ARE YOURS FOR
THE NEXT TWELVE
MONTHS...
DELIVERED RIGHT
TO YOUR DOOR AT
NO EXTRA COST!**



INSIDE WRESTLING
(Published Monthly)

A TOTAL OF 24 SENSATIONAL ISSUES FOR ONLY \$12

YOU COMPARE THE WRESTLER and INSIDE WRESTLING WITH ANY OTHER WRESTLING MAGAZINES ON THE MARKET AND THEN DECIDE WHICH IS THE BEST DEAL—WHICH GIVES YOU THE MOST FOR YOUR MONEY.

For the best coverage by far of the world's most exciting sport, together with the kind of thrilling action and behind-the-scenes pictures which only our staff photographers can capture on film, you'll have to read each and every issue of **THE WRESTLER** and **INSIDE WRESTLING**. So do yourself a great big favor and subscribe **NOW!** You'll be glad you did.

T.V. SPORTS INC.

Box 58

Rockville Centre, NY 11571

Please enter my subscription to both **THE WRESTLER** and **INSIDE WRESTLING**. I will receive a total of 24 issues (12 of each magazine). I am enclosing \$12 as payment in full.

YOUR NAME

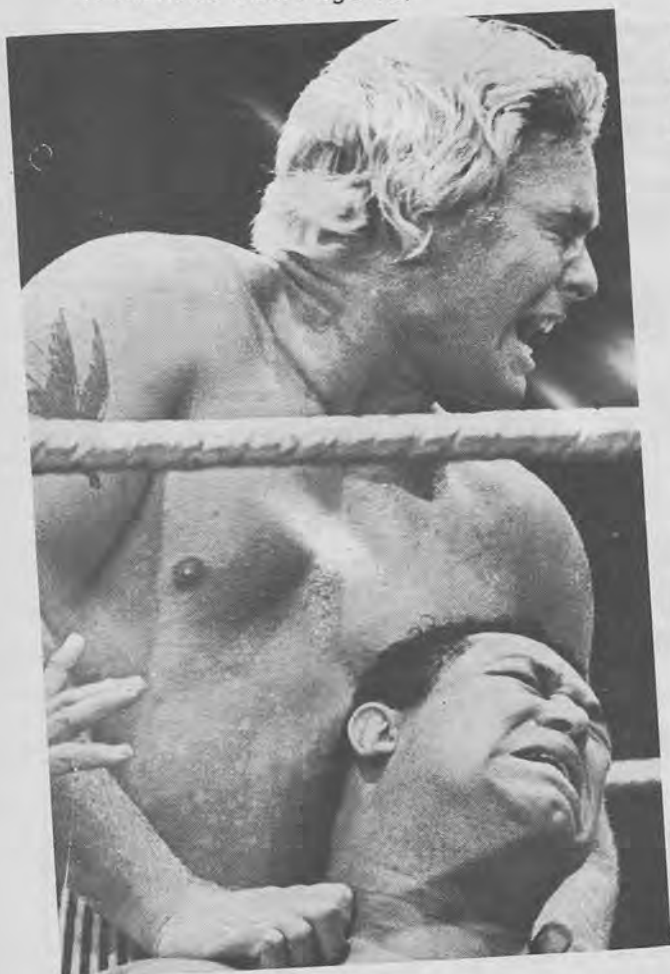
ADDRESS

CITY **STATE** **ZIP**

(Offer applies for U.S. and Canada only. For all other countries, \$15). Full payment must accompany your order. No COD's accepted.

SHOULD JIM VALIANT WEAR A MASK?

(Continued from Page 12)



Carlos Perrata squeals in pain (left) as Jim applies his nerve-deadening fingertip hold to Perrata's shoulders. Tony Marino (below) tries to flip Jim over into a Boston Crab, but Valiant was quickly able to kick his way out.



—make that female fans—have been flocking to see him wrestle as they flocked to hear Presley and Sinatra sing. Sometimes it even gets out of hand.

"I've never seen anything like it," gushed Mike Rosenberg, promoter at New York's Sunnyside Gardens. "We can't clear the place out when he wrestles. The girls simply refuse to leave. They once tried to storm his dressing room. If we finally get them out of the arena they line up outside the wrestlers' entrance. He oughta be forced to wear a mask. Those women are liable to tear the joint apart some night!"

Stories about good looking girls stopping traffic in the streets of New York appear every day in the papers. But Valiant, who is so self-conscious about his good looks that it embarrasses him, once did the same thing in a supermarket.

"I ran out of milk," Jim remembered, "and I went down to the supermarket to pick up a container. It was a Friday, around 4 p.m., and I didn't know the place would be jammed with women doing their

weekend shopping.

"I was heading toward the milk cabinet when I heard a crash. Some woman had wheeled her shopping cart into a display of cookies that had been piled to the ceiling. They fell all over her. I ran to help her and asked what happened. She told everybody that she wasn't looking where she was going—she was looking at me. I was so embarrassed I ran out of the place and never got my milk."

Scenes like that are nothing new to Jim Valiant. In New York, he is constantly stopped for autographs. Girls think he's a movie star. The more bold ones try to pick him up on the street. Some, who found out where he lives, have begun to stake out his apartment—like cops—hoping to catch a glimpse of him or to tear off a hunk of his clothing when he leaves. It even drives his opponents wild.

"I'll never wrestle him again," said Bull Palmetti, after he was practically murdered by a group of irate females. "If you lay a hand on that puss of his they go nuts. They sit

there screaming 'Don't touch his face!' How am I supposed to wrestle a guy like that? Every time I belt him the broads go crazy. Could you imagine what would happen if he ever got cut? His opponent would be killed on the spot!"

Valiant doesn't know what it is that makes him so attractive to women—or how to get rid of it.

"It's been like this as long as I can remember," he said. "I've always had what you'd call a baby face and I constantly exercise to keep myself in shape. I have natural blond hair and blue eyes. I guess I'm what you would call good-looking. Girls used to follow me home from school, and I enjoyed it. But sometimes it gets to be a bit much. Right now I'm averaging five marriage proposals a week in the mail. Can you imagine? Girls who never even met me want to marry me. That's insane. For all they know I might be a monster. It's very flattering, of course, but when they start waiting for you outside the arenas and outside your apartment you lose all your privacy. Maybe I *should* wear a mask."



This is the face that is breaking thousands of female hearts all over the east. Jim, who is sensitive about his looks, brushes back his hair.

Jim sifted through a stack of mail on his coffee table. The letters were all the same—perfumed and with lipsticked kisses on the envelope flap. Some contained pictures. Others had love poems. He simply cannot keep up with them all—even though he spends most of his time in his apartment or at the gym.

"I love the outdoors but it has gotten so that I can't even go for a walk anymore," he says. "Last week I went to a local department store to buy a couple of shirts. It was near the arena and two girls recognized me. They yelled 'there he is!' and ran toward me. Pretty soon other women started running too. They didn't know who I was—probably figured I was a movie star or a football player—and before I knew it I was surrounded. The store manager was pulling his hair out. They tore up the joint—including my suit!"

Jim's good looks have gotten him into trouble in the ring as well. Rather than wrestle as they would against a normal opponent, Jim's foes seem to go out of their way to inflict injury on him. In short, they're jealous, although they'll never admit it.

The Grand Wizard, who manages Valiant as well as his sometime tag team partner, Beautiful Bobby, refers to Jim as, "the greatest attraction in wrestling."

And the Wizard, who is never at



a loss for words, was quick to add, "Jimmy has charisma as well as good looks and tremendous ability. He can communicate with his audience; make people do what he wants them to do. I honestly don't think he can miss being crowned heavyweight champion of the world within the next 12 months. Yes, he's that great!"

Because of his looks, Valiant has gotten a lot of criticism from mat villains. "Look at who he wrestles," said one, who asked to remain anonymous. "He's matched against mostly clean wrestlers. They're afraid he'll get his pretty face all messed up if they put him in with tough guys like me. He won't be handsome for long."

Valiant, a rough wrestler himself, enjoys meeting men like Chief Jay Strongbow because it gives him a chance to concentrate on mixing scientific wrestling with roughhouse tactics.

"When you're wrestling against someone like Strongbow," Jim explained, "you don't have to worry about him pulling dirty stuff. It's his ability against your ability and I think it makes for a better match. I don't mind wrestling villains. But those kind of matches always seem to wind up in slugfests."

Valiant hasn't taken the time to defend himself against the favoritism charges. He thinks the entire thing about his looks has been blown way out of proportion anyway. He feels that the way he looks sometimes takes attention away from his wres-

Jim applies an armlock to Perrata (left). Below, he waves to adoring fans while signing autographs before an appearance in Philadelphia.



ling ability.

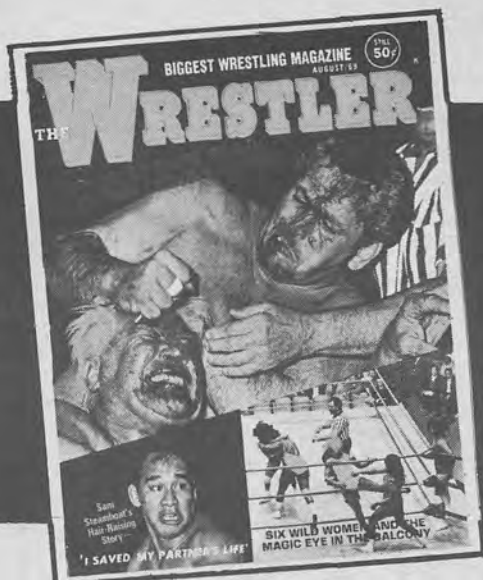
"Good looks are okay," he says, "but what happens if I get a few scars or cauliflower ears or a busted nose? That happens in this business. If I could not really wrestle my good looks won't do me any good. Besides, what you look like isn't important. It's what you are inside, as a person, that counts."

But so far, his appearance is what has been attracting fans to arenas in record numbers. And with the charges of favoritism and the jealousy of other wrestlers, Valiant is seriously considering putting on a mask. Like Mil Mascaras, he feels that if he wears a mask people will think of him more as a wrestler than as a matinee idol.

His fans, however, disagree.

"Put a mask on Jim Valiant?" Fran Simpson questioned unbelievably. "They can't do that. It would be like covering up a beautiful sculpture or not allowing a bird to sing. It would be terrible. He's the most gorgeous hunk of man I've ever seen. I buy tickets to the matches just to look at him."

Jim Valiant loves girls of all shapes and sizes. But he doesn't want to be thought of as a sculpture or a painting—no matter how flattering. He's a wrestler first, and although he doesn't want to, he may have to put on a mask to prove it. □



BACK ISSUES OF THE WRESTLER



FEB/68



MAY/68



AUG/68



OCT/68



DEC/68



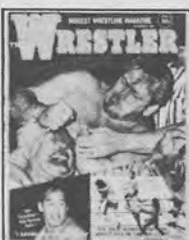
FEB/69



APR/69



JUNE/69



AUG/69



NOV/69



MAR/70



JULY/70



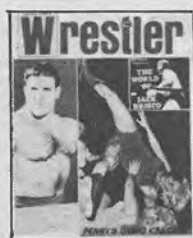
SEPT/70



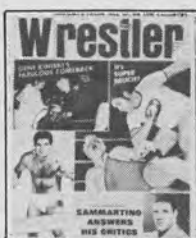
NOV/70



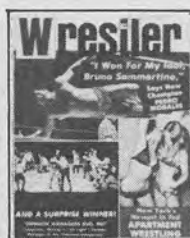
JAN/71



MAR/71



APR/71



MAY/71



JUNE/71



AUG/71

THE WRESTLER

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> FEB/68 | <input type="checkbox"/> JULY/70 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MAY/68 | <input type="checkbox"/> SEPT/70 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AUG/68 | <input type="checkbox"/> NOV/70 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> OCT/68 | <input type="checkbox"/> JAN/71 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> DEC/68 | <input type="checkbox"/> MAR/71 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FEB/69 | <input type="checkbox"/> APR/71 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> APR/69 | <input type="checkbox"/> MAY/71 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> JUNE/69 | <input type="checkbox"/> JUNE/71 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AUG/69 | <input type="checkbox"/> AUG/71 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> NOV/69 | |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MAR/70 | |

T.V. SPORTS, INC.

Box 58

Rockville Centre, NY 11571

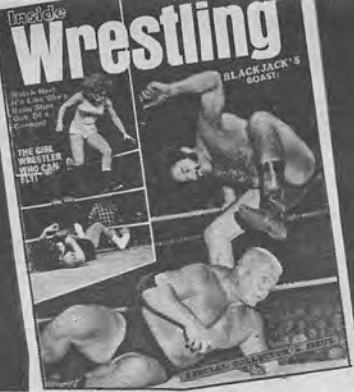
Rush me the back issues checked. I am enclosing one dollar for each issue.

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

ONLY \$1 EACH



BACK ISSUES OF INSIDE WRESTLING and SPECIAL ISSUES

INSIDE WRESTLING



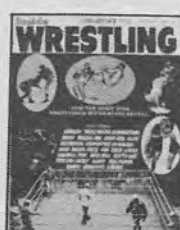
NOV/68



JAN/69



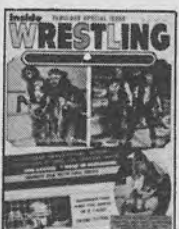
MAR/69



MAY/69



JULY/69



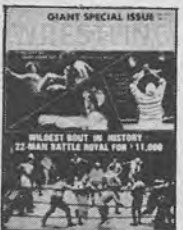
OCT/69



DEC/69



APR/70



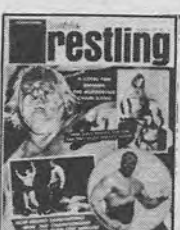
JUNE/70



AUG/70



OCT/70



DEC/70



MAR/71



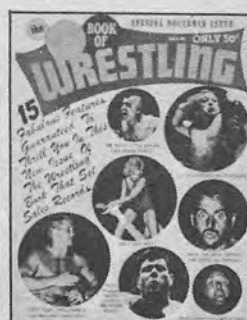
MAY/71



SPECIAL ISSUES



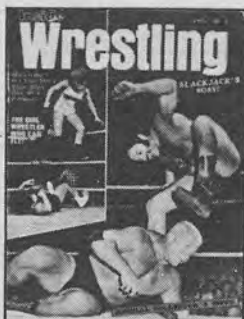
1968 BIG BOOK



1969 BIG BOOK



1970 ANNUAL



1971 WINTER



INSIDE WRESTLING

- ☐ NOV/68
- ☐ JAN/69
- ☐ MAR/69
- ☐ MAY/69
- ☐ JULY/69
- ☐ OCT/69
- ☐ DEC/69
- ☐ APR/70
- ☐ JUNE/70
- ☐ AUG/70
- ☐ OCT/70
- ☐ DEC/70
- ☐ MAR/71
- ☐ MAY/71

SPECIALS

- ☐ 1968 BIG BOOK
- ☐ 1969 BIG BOOK
- ☐ 1970 ANNUAL
- ☐ 1971 WINTER

T.V. SPORTS, INC.

Box 58

Rockville Centre, NY 11571

Rush me the back issues checked. I am enclosing one dollar for each issue.

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

ONLY \$1 EACH

WANTED

MR. ROBERT ROOP



CHARGE

ATTEMPTED MURDER

BOB ROOP GLARED across the ring at his fallen opponent. Writhing in pain, Al Coco tried to shake off his grogginess and struggle to his feet. But before he could, Roop was on him like a tiger on a rabbit.

Smiling devilishly, Roop gently picked Coco up—upside down—and held him around the waist as Coco's head pointed southward. Hoisting him on his shoulder, Roop started running for the far corner. But just before he reached it he lowered his victim, drove a knee into his collarbone, flipped him on his back and pinned him. The result? A trip to the hospital for Coco with a busted collarbone. For Roop: another victory—and another florist's bill.

Roop has probably put more wrestlers into the hospital than anyone around today simply because the hold he uses to polish them off is specifically designed to break their collarbones. But Bob isn't all bad. Every opponent he has sent to the hospital has received a dozen roses and a "get well soon" card.

"That's just to show them I have no hard feelings," the 5-8, 265-pound Roop says. "Some of these fellows take it personally. They don't understand they're just so much meat to me. I treat 'em all the same. I try to put 'em all in the hospital. That way they can't accuse me of favoritism."

A former college football star and wrestler at both Michigan State
(Continued on page 58)

It's no secret that every wrestler in the business is out to get Bob Roop. They figure they've got to end his reign of terror to save their own necks!



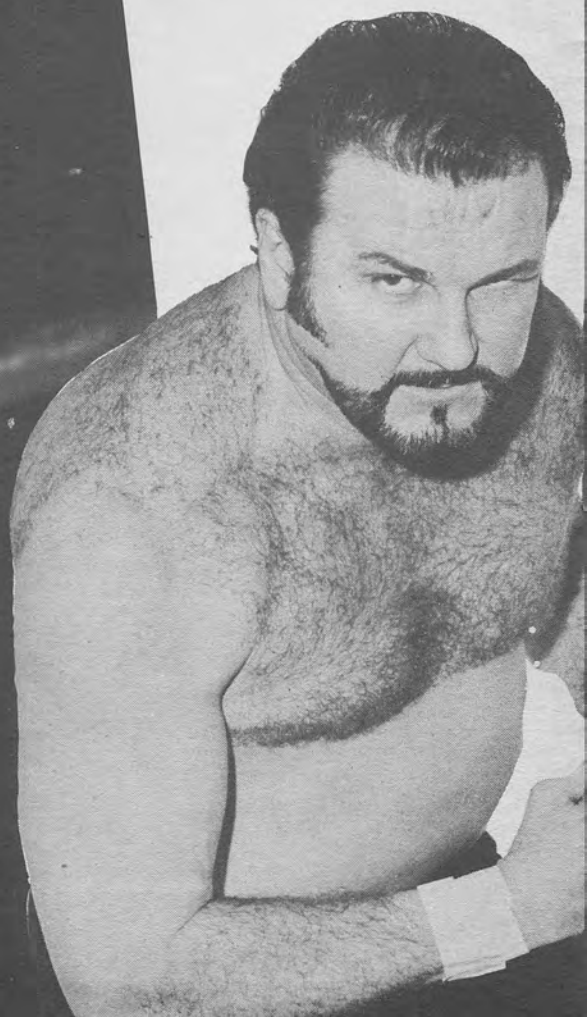
Bob Roop (left) took Eddie Graham's advice and developed a new and unique hold, similar to a neckbreaker. As shown against Manny Soto (above), he slams his helpless opponent's collarbone down against his knee. The victim usually winds up with a busted collarbone or only a dislocated shoulder, if he's lucky. Seven states have outlawed the hold.



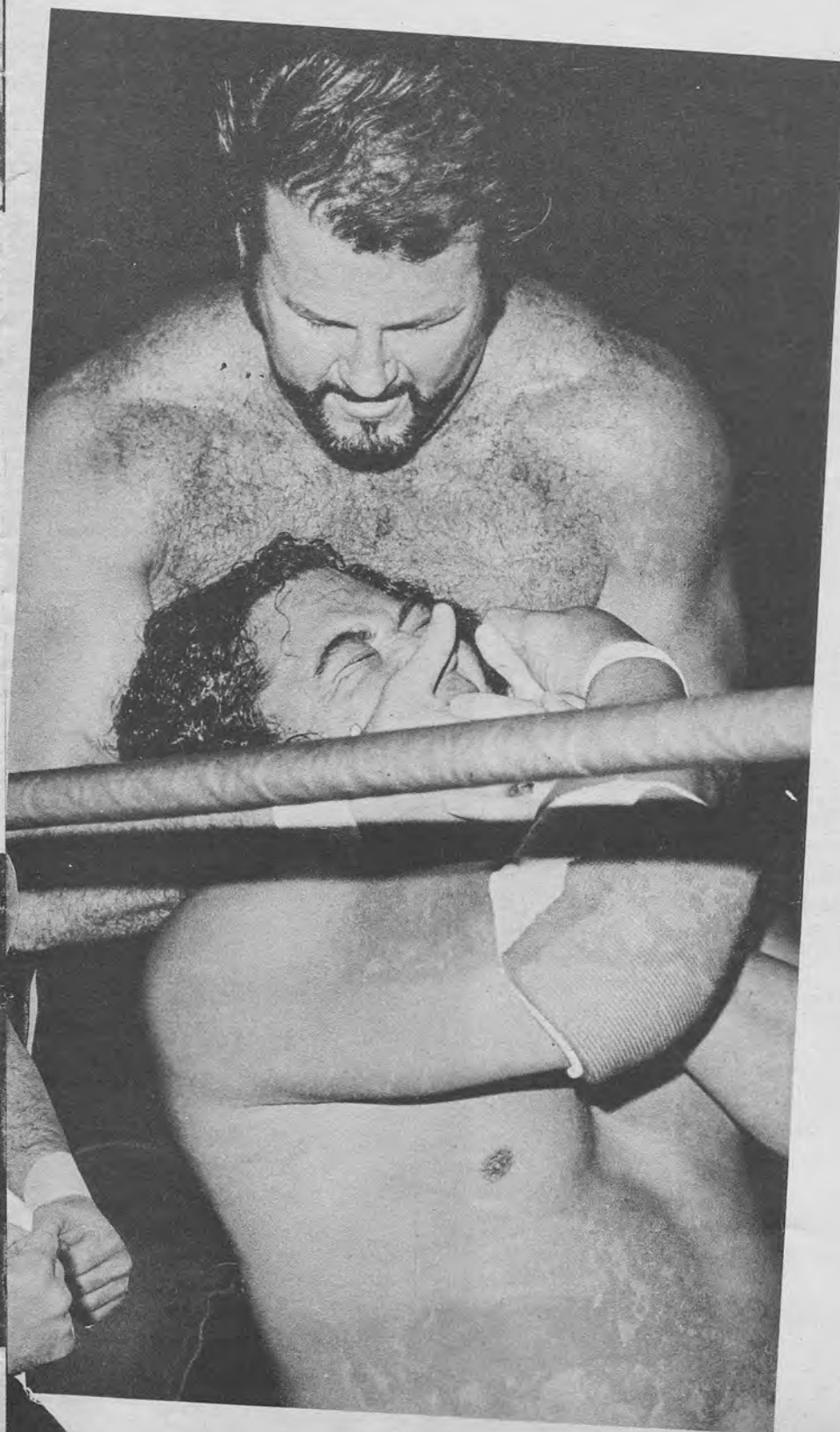
DUTCH SAVAGE

**LIVES
UP TO HIS
NAME**

Dutch Savage (below) looks as fierce as his name. Dan Hodge finds out how savage Dutch really is, as he is greeted with a knee to the jaw (left).



Ruggedly handsome. Self-confident. Arrogant. Vicious. Unpopular. Those are the words fans use to describe big Dutch Savage, a man who has mixed every foul known to professional wrestling with a unique scientific ability to achieve the heights he enjoys today. Here is an exclusive interview with Savage conducted by our correspondent...



**Interview conducted
by Sue Long**

Question: Where were you born and how old are you?

Answer: I was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, grew up all over the United States, attended the University of West Virginia, where I obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree in Physical Education. How old I am is none of your damn business! I'm 6-4 and weigh 271 pounds and I'm beautiful. What else do you want to know?

Q: Do you have any brothers and sisters?

A: Two brothers, and they shall remain anonymous.

Q: When was your first pro bout, who did you wrestle and where?

A: I can hardly remember. It was 11 years ago. I was wrestling in Cincinnati. I jumped into the ring and beat Gene Kiniski. That was before Gene became champion.

Q: Do you expect us to believe that in your very first bout you beat Gene Kiniski?

A: Believe what you want—I'm telling you what happened!

Q: Fans and other wrestlers insist that you hide foreign objects in that knee pad you always wear. Do you?

A: That's for me to know and

Peter Maivia grimaces in pain as Dutch tries to rip the Hawaiian's mouth apart. Savage claims he beat Gene Kiniski in his first pro bout.



Q: What do you consider your greatest asset?

A: Me!

means more money for me.

Q: You mentioned money. Is that why you became a pro wrestler?

A: Exactly. I quit pro football to wrestle. I was an All-American at West Virginia in my junior year. I was All-Conference three years in a row. Then I played with the Washington Redskins after college.

Q: How do you compare the two as contact sports?

A: No comparison. In football you have 11 men on your team—22 guys on the field at the same time. In wrestling you're all alone. It's a lot tougher than football, believe me.

Q: What do you consider your greatest asset?

A: Me!

Q: You?

A: Yes, me. I am my biggest asset. I do it all by myself. I need no help. I ask for none.

Q: Since you are your own greatest asset how much time do you work out to keep your greatest asset in shape?

A: I don't work out. I wrestle five nights a week, all up and down the west coast and in Hawaii. I figure 45 minutes in the ring is enough work for one day. Weight lifters and those other guys who spend hours fooling around in the gym bore me.

Q: Isn't it fellows like you who cause people to say wrestling is a

fake and that wrestlers aren't really in good condition?

A: Ask those people to get into the ring with me. I'll show them where the bear goes in the woods.

Q: Would you then like to see wrestling classified as a sport rather than an exhibition?

A: The people who classify it as an exhibition don't know what they're talking about. Did you know that professional wrestling outdraws pro football, baseball and basketball combined every

them to find out.

Q: Why are you so secretive?

A: I don't trust you reporters!

Q: Okay, we'll change the subject. What titles or awards have you won in the last 11 years?

A: I was half of the World's Tag-Team Champions with Don Jardine—that's the World Tag-Team title, I might emphasize. Bob Brown and I were Canadian Tag-Team Champions and Dick the Bruiser and I held the International Tag-Team Championship, which we won from Baba and Yashimora in Tokyo. I'm now the Northwest Heavyweight Champion and I've held the Midwestern and United States titles. Right now I'm trying to get a match with Dory Funk Jr. so I can add the World's Championship to my list!

Q: Would you rather wrestle alone or as part of a team?

A: Alone. Trust thyself and no one else!

Q: Why are you a dirty wrestler?

A: That's your opinion. Let's say I'll do anything to win.

Q: Since you'll do anything—what's your usual strategy?

A: Same answer—to win! Any way I can. If a man sticks out a leg—I'll break it. Same with an arm. At the end they raise my hand and not my opponent's. That



Typical of the kind of viciousness you can expect from Savage is this kick to the groin of Peter Maivia. It is so brutal Pete's entire body is lifted off the canvas.

year? Do you know why? Every night of every God-given day of the year there are at least 20 cities in the United States running a wrestling "exhibition," if you want to call it that. That's big money. I'm talking about \$60,000 at the Cow Palace and \$100,000 at Madison Square Garden. Anyone who thinks this is an exhibition is a hypocrite.

Q: Speaking of hypocrites, are you friends with most of your opponents outside the ring or do you



Q: Would you rather wrestle alone or as part of a team?

A: Alone! Trust thyself and no one else!

really have grudges?

A: I've got a lot of grudges. Many remain to be settled.

Q: What type of relationship do you have with most of the other wrestlers?

A: I speak to them. I say "hello." I say "goodbye." That's it.

Q: You once gave a description about how you feel about some other wrestlers—Man Mountain Mike in particular. Would you care to repeat it?

A: Man Mountain Mike is a freak. He's detrimental to the business. He's not a true wrestler. Anybody over 600 pounds can't be a true wrestler. He has to be a freak. People like him give wrestling a bad reputation!

Q: If wrestling has a bad reputation, what would you do if you had the power to change it—if you were in charge?

A: I'd give the wrestlers more money.

Q: That's all?

A: That's all!

Q: You've said that Man Mountain Mike isn't a good wrestler. Who in your opinion are the good wrestlers.

A: Me. Also Don Leo Jonathan



and Gene Kiniski. You can also add Lonnie Mayne. After that they're all the same.

Q: It's pretty well known that you're a dirty wrestler. Does that hurt you when it comes to public attitudes and opinions.

A: I've been on the "Sports Hot-Seat" TV show in Canada and on the Johnny Carson Show in the United States. I've appeared throughout America—and you call me a dirty wrestler. Fine with

(Continued on page 64)

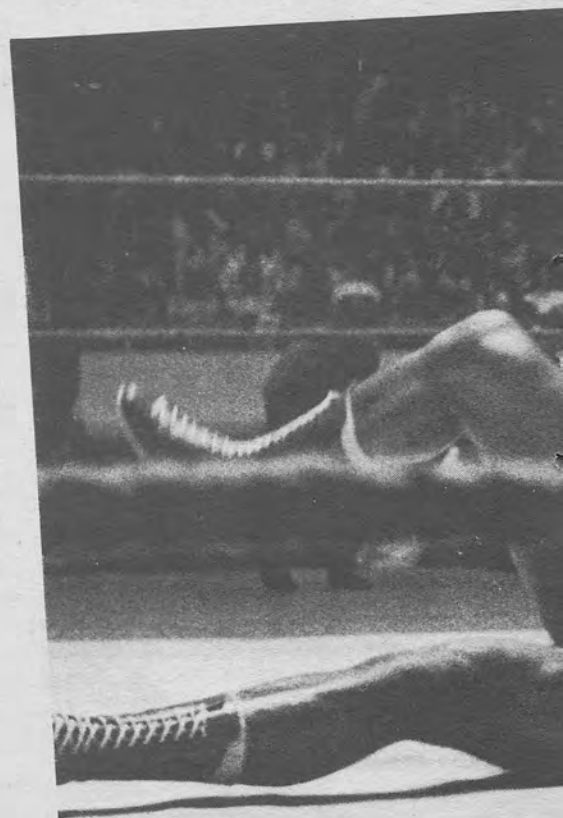
IN TORONTO

THEY HAD TO FENCE THE WRESTLERS IN FOR THEIR OWN PROTECTION!

Toronto wrestling has a quality all its own. Nowhere else in the world are the wrestlers protected from the fans!

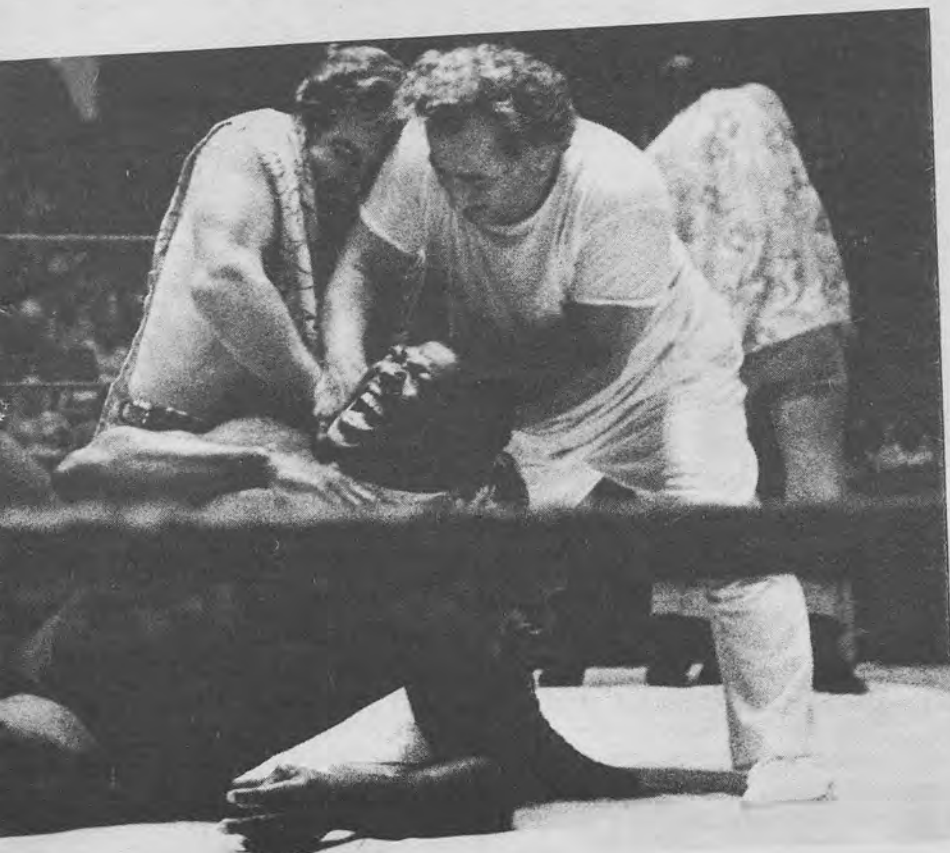
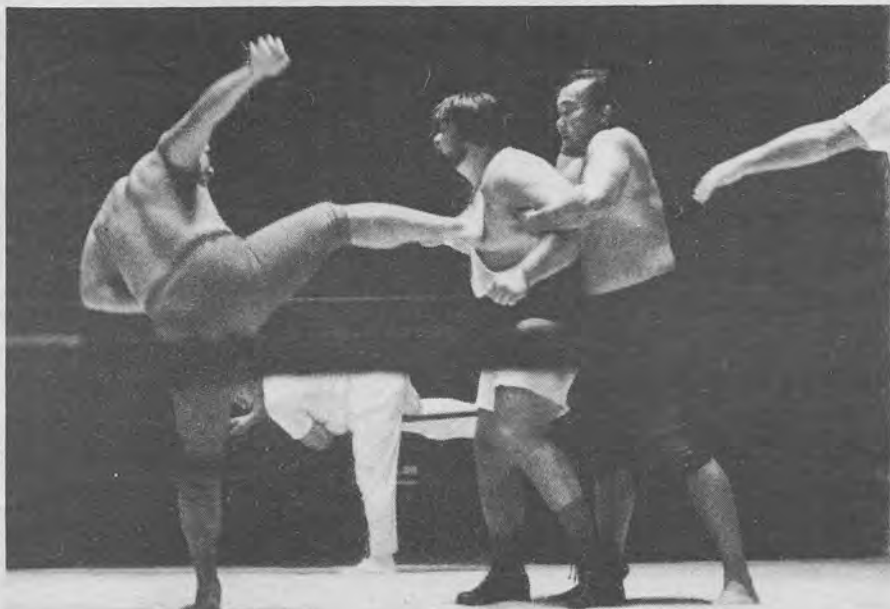


Promoter Frank Tunney (above) is the brains behind the fence. It helps protect wrestlers from the fans—but not from other wrestlers. Bobo Brazil (below) wishes he was fenced out as Reginald Love wraps a piece of rope around his neck.





The Love Brothers (left) acknowledge boos of the crowd. Reginald Love almost climbed the fence to get at a young heckler. Below, Mitsu Arakawa and Yoshino Sato soften up popular Mighty Igor. Igor and his partner, Ivan Kalmikoff, got their faces rubbed against the fence by the Japanese tag-team partners.



IN SOME ARENAS around the country, wrestlers have been known to carry their battles into the fifth row of seats. In Minnesota, a wrestler once chased his foe clear up to the balcony, where they battled for a full five minutes!

These out-of-the-ring exploits have resulted in injuries to both fans and wrestlers, causing promoters to desperately try to find ways to stop it. One promoter finally has—and his solution is so simple it's difficult to figure out why nobody thought of it long before.

At Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens, wrestlers don't get stabbed by fans and fans don't get wrestlers dumped into their laps—not since they put up *The Fence*.

The fence, a silver, chain-link, five-foot-tall barrier, surrounds the ring at Maple Leaf Gardens. It looms six feet away from the ring and the closest fans sit about two feet behind it. People in ringside seats have to look *through* it in order to see the wrestlers.

The fence was put up a few years ago when promoter Frank Tunney got a little tired of having his wrestlers attacked by irate fans. Since he installed it, not one fan has been able to get close enough to the ring to harm a single wrestler.

"The fence helps keep my wrestlers alive," Tunney says. "A few years ago I used to have my hands full with fans who actually climbed onto the ring apron trying to get at the wrestlers they really hated. I simply had to put a stop to it. So we built the fence. Now if a fan tries to get at one of the wrestlers he has to be very quick to get over the fence before the guards pull him down. A few have tried it. None has ever made it. Whenever our guards spot a brave fan trying to make it over the fence they grab him and make him leave the arena."

The fence, of course, works both

ways. While it keeps the bad guys away from dangerously irate fans, it also keeps the good guys away from their adoring public.

"I don't like that fence at all," said enormously popular Lord Layton. "It puts a barrier between me and my fans. Sometimes a little fellow will want my autograph and I can't oblige him because he can't get past that blasted fence! Maybe if I were a dirty wrestler I'd look at it differently. It does protect those nasty chaps, you know."

While the fence does protect dirty wrestlers from fans, it also protects fans from dirty wrestlers. Many villains have admitted the urge to climb over the fence to get at some heckling fan.

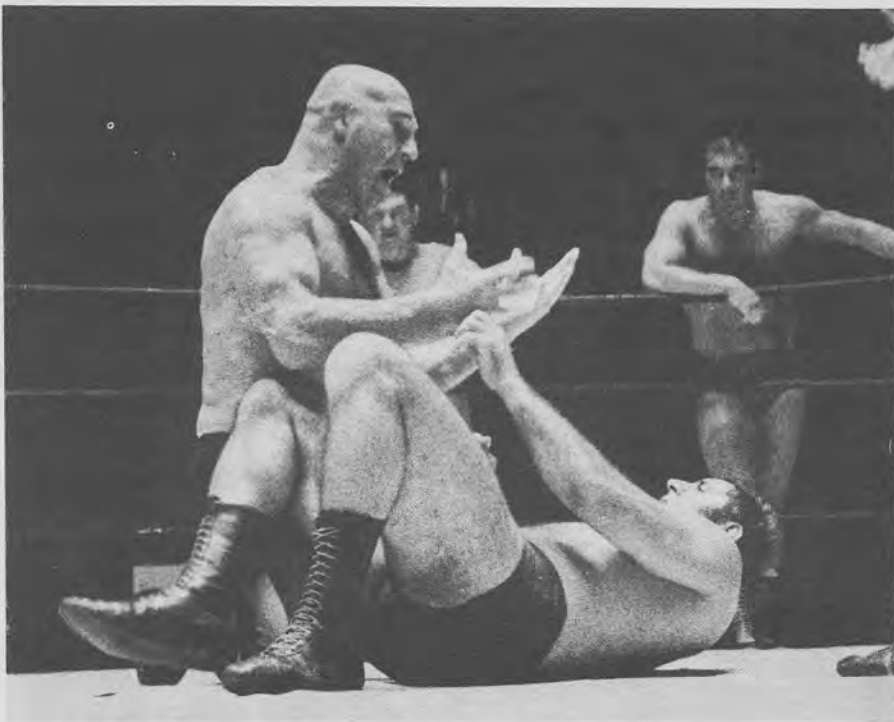
"Last week," said Reginald Love, of the Love Brothers, "me and my brother were wrestling Dom DiNucci and Bobo Brazil. At one point during the match I discovered that a rope had somehow come into my possession and, strangely enough, it managed to wind itself around Brazil's throat!

"Some ragamuffin about three rows back starts yelling to the referee that I was choking Brazil with a rope. Well, if there's one thing I do not like it's being snitched on. So I let go of the rope and climbed out of the ring and walked over to the fence. I was ready to climb that fence and go after that loudmouth. Imagine. Yelling out to the referee, 'Hey ref—that queer has a rope!' How uncouth. Anyway, when I got to the fence that loudmouth was already there. But he changed his mind and chickened out. I would have gone after him but at the last second I decided against it. He wasn't worth getting my license suspended. I wouldn't want that to happen. Then my poor brother would have to wrestle all alone."

Sometimes the fence is used as a weapon, especially when the Japanese "Torture Duo," Yoshino Sato and Mitsu Arakawa, are in the ring. In a recent match against the "Torture Duo," Mighty Igor and Ivan Kalmikoff became very well acquainted with the fence.

"They threw us out of the ring," Igor said. "Then they grabbed us by

Lord Layton is about to topple Chris Tolos by pulling his foot out from under him (right). Layton does not like the fence because it keeps him from meeting his fans and signing autographs before his bouts. Below, Hans Schmidt tries to pin Dom DeNucci. The bald villain doesn't like the fence either but for different reasons. The fence makes it difficult for him to get chairs from outside the ring.

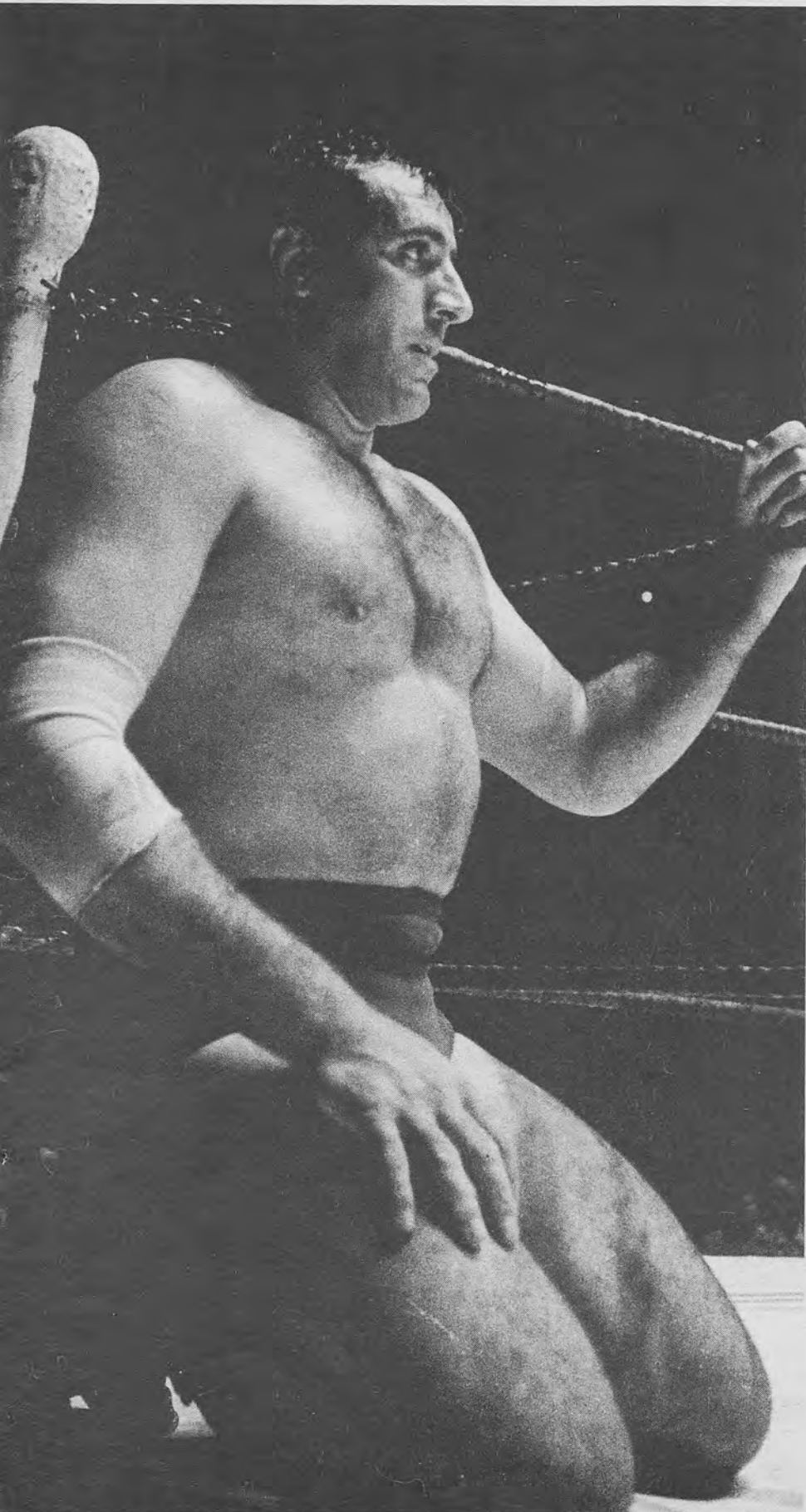


the backs of our heads and put our faces against the fence. Then they rubbed them right and left, right and left. We were ripped up real bad. Those chain-link fences are pretty sharp. It's a hazard. I think they should take it down."

Of course the fence has had its comical moments as well. Dom DiNucci, who has met the fence face-

to-face on more than one occasion, remembers one time in particular.

"I was wrestling Chris Tolos and he threw me out of the ring," Dom recalls. "That was nothing new for him. But this particular time he threw me a little harder than usual. I sailed over the top rope and crash-landed right into the fence! It knocked the whole thing down."



Dom DeNucci sits on ring apron after being thrown from the ring by Chris Tolos. He broke the fence when he landed and was chastised by an old lady who told him to keep to his own side of the fence! "I never laughed so hard in my life," remembered DeNucci.

"There I was, half-conscious, lying on top of a broken fence, and this little old lady comes over and taps me on the shoulder. She must have been 60 or 70 years old. 'Hey you,' she says to me, looking me straight in the eye. 'Get back on your side of the fence. You're not supposed to be here. This is fans' territory. Scat!' I never laughed so hard in all my life!"

Hans Schmidt doesn't think the fence is all that funny. In one match, against Tiger Jeet Singh in a different arena, he and Singh wound up throwing chairs at each other. Schmidt got the worst of it. On a TV show he vowed he'd crack the Tiger's head with a chair in their next match. The next match was booked for Maple Leaf Gardens—and Hans was kind of embarrassed after having told a TV audience and newspapermen what he'd do. There was no way he could get to the chairs. They were outside the fence!

Most of the villains other than Schmidt are quite happy about being fenced in—or out—as the case may be. "I haven't been stabbed in over two years here," said Bulldog Henning. "It's a pleasure."

Although both Toronto fans and the wrestlers who appear there are used to the fence, there is still a great deal of controversy about it. Is it a good idea since it protects wrestlers from irate fans? Or is it a bad idea since wrestlers can't sign autographs?

What do you think? And don't try to stay on the fence! ☐

KENJI SHIBUYA'S TERRIBLE BRAND OF TORTURE

The next time you see Shibuya torturing a victim you'll understand why, and perhaps not hate him so much... providing you read this exclusive interview...





Shibuya (left) points to camera while Massa Saito gets angry at impromptu picture. They later calmed down, but demanded that no more pictures be taken.

Kenji Shibuya (left) is undergoing a type of mental torture few people can imagine. Above, he tries to rip mask from head of El Sicodelico. After this match, El Sicodelico yelled something across the dressing room to Shibuya. It resulted in our getting the exclusive story of one of wrestling's untold tragedies.

ON THE LIVING room wall of the small, two-bedroom house set in a quiet Los Angeles suburb, is a huge mural. It depicts a snow-capped Mt. Fujiyama. In each bedroom are travel posters showing scenes of crowded Tokyo or the rural beauty of the Japanese countryside.

For Kenji Shibuya and Massa Saito, the mural and the posters are as close as they can get to home—for a while, anyway.

"Five more years," said Shibuya. "Only five more years and we can go home. Maybe by then they'll have forgotten and I can start all over."

Shibuya, Saito's cousin, suffered the worst possible punishment a Jap-

anese citizen can suffer. He was exiled from his beloved homeland about five years ago. Since then, he has taken up residence in the Los Angeles area ("because of the large Japanese-American community").

And since he's been wrestling in the United States, this is the first time he's ever told his sad story for any American publication.

It started when this reporter entered the Olympic Arena dressing room to interview Mil Mascaras and El Sicodelico after their recent match against Saito and Shibuya, a bout in which the Japanese team was disqualified. Before that match, Shibuya had put on a karate demonstration, breaking a rock in half and explaining that the same punishment awaited Mascaras.

After the match, in which Shibuya failed to break Mascaras in half as he had threatened, Mil's partner, El Sicodelico, yelled across the dressing room to Shibuya.

"Kenji! If you like karate so much why don't you give up wrestling and go back to Japan to take up karate full time."

Shibuya said nothing. He only glared across the room at Sicodelico. Then he sat down, put his head in his hands and seemed to be crying.

Shibuya and Saito are not friendly to reporters and previous attempts

to interview them had always failed. But the sight of this tough man, obviously broken up, was too much to overlook. Saito wouldn't let us get near Shibuya, but after a quick conversation, in Japanese, he gave us their home address and invited us to come over to get a "real story. But no pictures," Saito said. "I don't want any fans finding out where we live."

When we got there, Shibuya was in a much better mood. Tea was set out and, sitting on floor cushions, Kenji began his story.

"It was five years ago in Tokyo. Massa Saito was wrestling Baba the Giant for the championship of all Japan. It was a great event that had to be held in an outdoor stadium because no indoor arena was big enough. It was the biggest thing to happen in Japan in long time.

"Baba is a great idol in Japan. His picture is even on billboards.

"So...Baba wrestled Saito and I was in Saito's corner, like his manager. It was a big opportunity for Saito to get a chance to win Baba's championship.

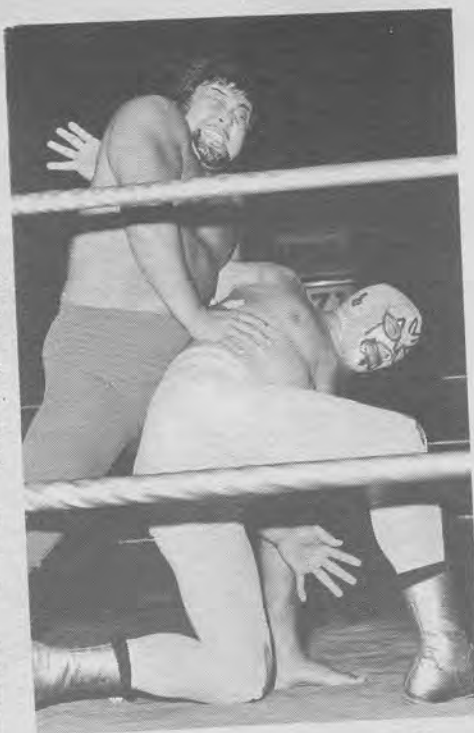
"During the match, Baba picked up Saito and threw him over the ropes. Saito crashed into the TV equipment and ripped open his head on a camera. He was unconscious. It was an accident but I did not realize it at the time. Baba was upset at what happened so he went out of the ring to see how bad Saito was hurt. I became so angry I could not control myself and I picked up a portable TV camera to smash over Baba's head. Then I stomped him. I did not know what I was doing.

"The whole thing was seen on television. I couldn't walk in street any more. One week after, I went before the wrestling commission. It was the saddest day of my life."

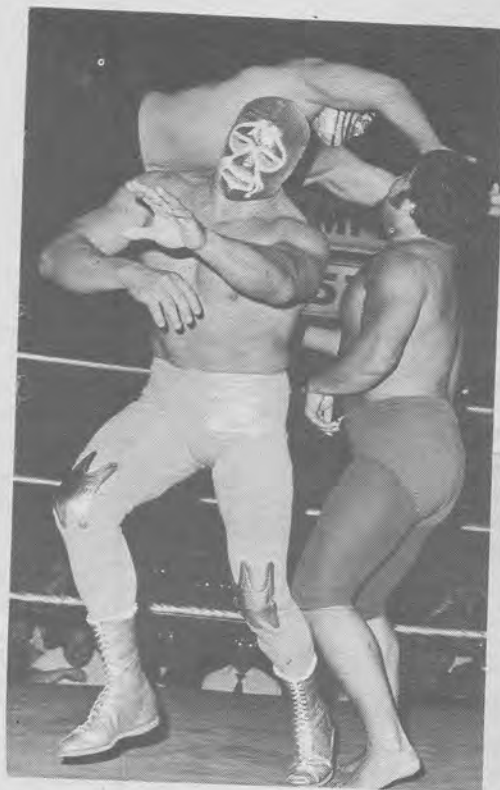
At this point, it became difficult for Shibuya to continue, and Saito took over the explanation.

"The commission banned Kenji from wrestling in Japan. But the people were not happy with that. The leading newspaper wrote an editorial that the only way Shibuya could save face was to exile himself.

"Then, two days later, Baba came down with a paralysis in his neck



Saito has Mil Mascaras on the verge of conceding as he tries to rip arm out of its socket (above). But woozy Mascaras is tagged by El Sicodelico, who flies in to dump Saito (right).



Nope, Saito and Shibuya aren't carrying Mascaras. With El Sicodelico having been thrown from the ring, Mil leaps into the air and clamps a headlock on Shibuya and a leg scissors on Saito—at the same time!

and on his left side. He eventually recovered, but at the time it was feared he would never wrestle again. Shibuya had no choice. He went on television to explain it had been an accident, he had lost his head and he meant no harm, and he was honestly sorry. To show he was—he voluntarily accepted exile."

Saito, who had gone to high school in the United States for awhile, knew some people in Los Angeles, so Shibuya headed there.

"I felt a little better," Shibuya said, "that I was among friends. They did not know about the scandal and they treated me well. I applied for an American wrestling license and in



Saito howls in pain after a fan dumped a container of beer over his head (left). Above, Saito takes the plunge off the top rope. But when he lands, he discovers Mascaras has already rolled out of the way.

my first match, fans booed me when I approached the ring. They have not seen me wrestle and already they did not like Shibuya. I wondered if they knew about the scandal. How was it possible?

"Later I found out that all Japanese wrestlers in the United States were villains. Fans thought I also was a villain. No matter where I went they booed and threw things. I decided that if they would do such things I will be a villain too.

"Pretty soon I was a good villain. But still it was lonely here. I kept dreaming all the time of Japan. I wrote a letter to Saito asking him to come here and wrestle tag-team with me. If not for Saito I would have gone crazy during the exile.

"I like the United States. It's a good place. But I am homesick. In the dressing room when Sicodelico told me 'Go back to Japan,' it hurt. I almost cried. He didn't mean it, I know. But that hurt me. I wish I could go back to Japan."

That was one of the reasons Saito and Shibuya were so happy when they won the Americas Tag-Team Championship about a year ago—the same title they recently lost to Black Gordman and Goliath.

"When I go back to Tokyo," Shibuya said, "I will tell everyone Saito

Kenji Shibuya breaks a rock with his bare hands during a TV demonstration of his karate ability. "This is what I plan to do to Mascaras," Shibuya insisted. "I will break him in half!"



and Shibuya have won the tag-team championship in the United States. That is a very big honor. Maybe then they won't hate me any more."

The goal for Shibuya is to regain the tag-team title so he can have the belt when he returns to Japan. He feels that it will help him gain re-acceptance.

"In this country," Saito said, "the people think Japanese wrestlers are villains no matter what. In Japan, Shibuya was not a villain—until the incident with Baba. That is why we do not care how we wrestle here. Here is not important. What is important is that we win that belt back any way we can so Shibuya can take it to Japan. That is what is important to him. That is why we sometimes

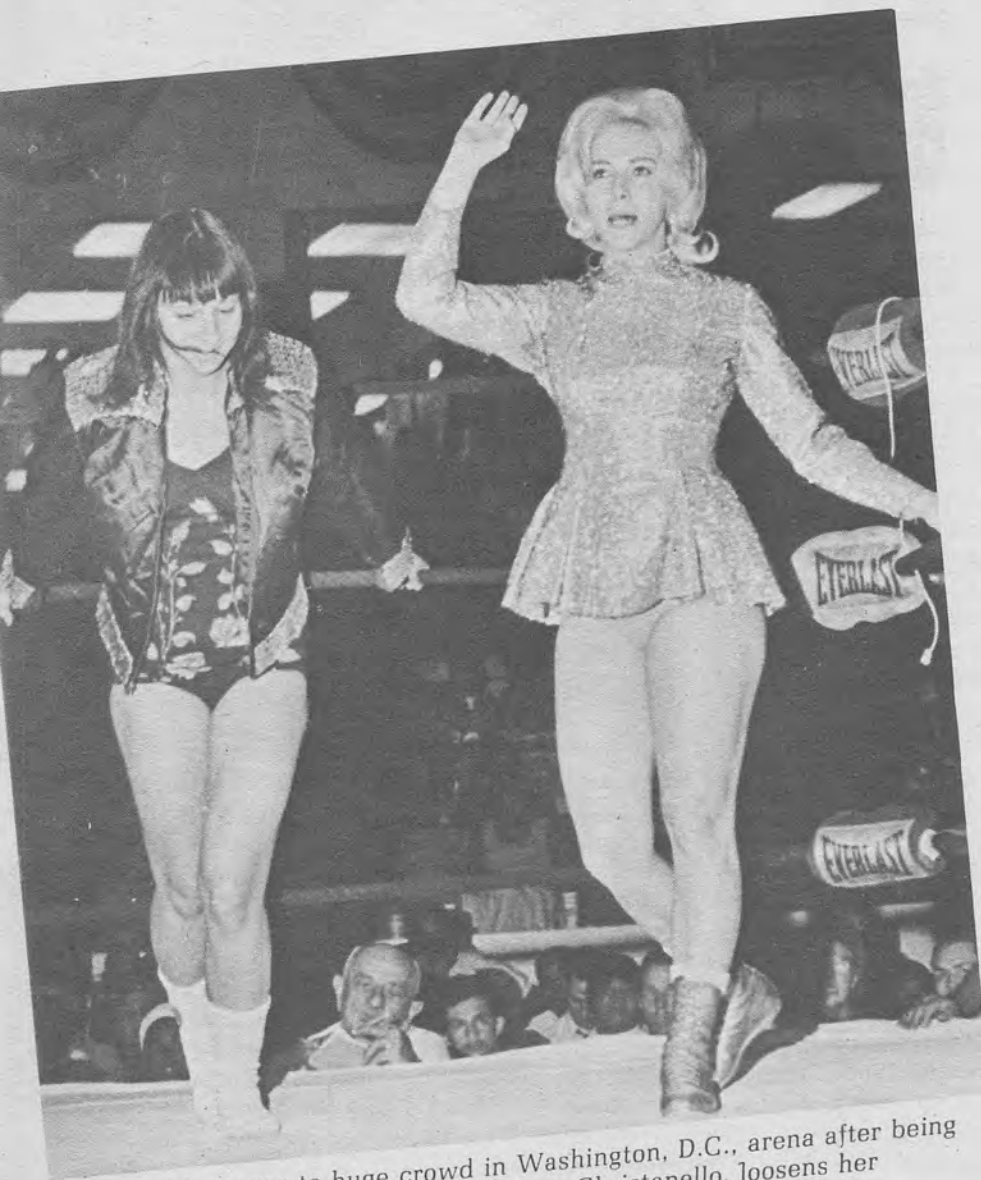
get disqualified—like with Mascaras and Sicodelico. Shibuya thinks about how much he wants the championship and I do too. We will do anything to get it!"

As it turned out, we got more of a story than we ever expected. We left the small frame house, but before doing so, were shown some pictures of the beautiful Japanese countryside that Shibuya had in an album.

"Soon I can go home," he said. "You know, it is strange. They say Shibuya and Saito sometimes torture opponents. They do not know. For last few years I have had mental torture much worse. My opponents—after a match they can go home. Shibuya cannot. It is a worse torture, no?"

THE DAY MARCHED ON

LOVELY JOYCE GRABLE WAS SICK AND TIRED OF
EQUAL OPPORTUNITY?" SHE WANTED TO KNOW.
EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN IN THIS COUNTRY."
POINT, HER WORDS



Joyce Grable waves to huge crowd in Washington, D.C., arena after being introduced. Her partner that night, Donna Christanello, loosens her powerful muscles while waiting for her own introduction.

JOYCE GRABLE'S HAIR was wet with perspiration and it clung to the side of her face. Her right eye was puffy and it would surely be discolored by morning. Usually, Joyce, who is one of the prettiest of the women wrestlers, wouldn't think of being seen in public without having had a facial and a hairset. But this night was different. Joyce and her partner had just survived a tag-team match against Bette Boucher and Toni Rose. But Joyce didn't want to talk about the match.

"We came to Washington to protest," Joyce said, and she swelled her body up to say the words—she was still panting from the effects of the match.

"We want to know all about this equal opportunity baloney. There are still a lot of states in this country where women are not allowed to wrestle. Why? That's what all of us want to know. Why? Aren't we allowed to earn a living? When we wrestle, we wrestle! We don't stage girly shows. We are woman athletes. We think there are a lot

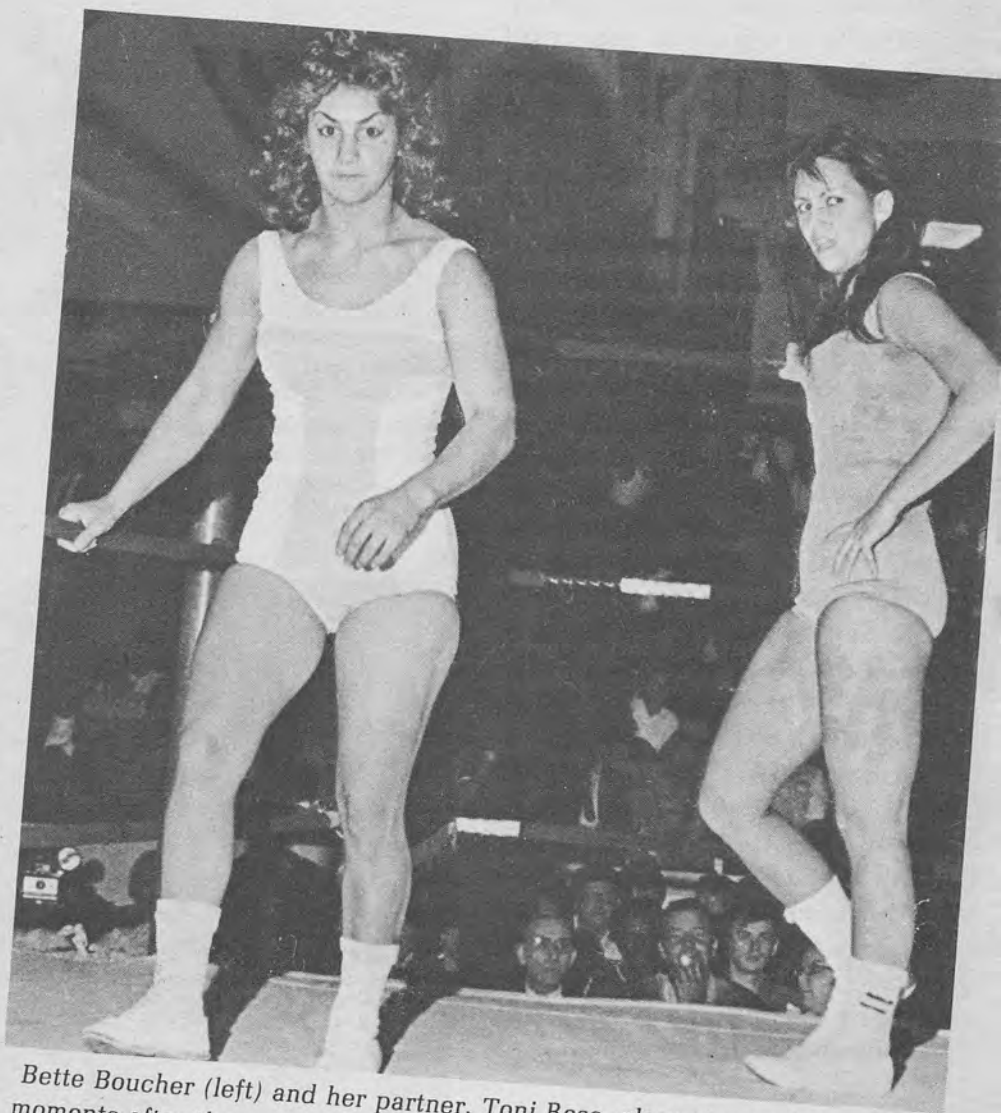
THE GIRLS WASHINGTON

**THE WHOLE THING. "WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY
"I'M ALL FOR CIVIL RIGHTS, BUT I'M ALSO FOR
WHEN JOYCE'S BLOOD REACHED THE BOILING
TURNED TO ACTION**

of lawmakers and do-gooders who are just hypocrites. They talk about equal opportunity but they don't do anything about it. They don't mean it."

Donna Christanello, Joyce's partner, joined in. "That's right," she blustered. "Anybody can go right down the line here and walk into a movie where there is love-making and nudity and I don't know what-all. That's legal. But what do we do? We wrestle. That's all. There is nothing suggestive in what we do. Hell, you can't be sexy when somebody is trying to rip your head off. And we have rules, you know. The only thing wrong with girl wrestling is that a lot of dirty old men think we have some sort of a sex circus going."

One look at Donna would convince even a "dirty old man" that she hadn't been involved in a sex circus. Donna sported a long scratch down the side of her face, a slightly swollen nose and a hole in her upper lip through which a tooth had been jolted. If sex had been concerned, from the evi-



Bette Boucher (left) and her partner, Toni Rose, glare at our photographer moments after the opening bell. Although Boucher and Rose have long resented the popularity of Joyce Grable, they joined Joyce in the Washington crusade.

dence, it had to have been the wildest party since the Marquis de Sade was dividing Gallia up into sections.

Joyce Grable, when she isn't wrestling, is pert, blonde and beautiful. But let her set her jaw in determination and she becomes stern, blonde and beautiful. This was the night she was stern.

Joyce explained: "I was wrestling in Kansas City the other night when I got a phone call from Fabulous Moolah. She was excited, happily excited as she told me that she was calling from New Jersey, where she had just finished a match. 'New Jersey,' I said, not believing my ears. 'Why there has been a ban on girl wrestling in New Jersey for years.' Moolah laughed. 'Well, the ban is off. We have been given the green light again in New Jersey.' Moolah told me that the Jersey crowd loved the show and that she had received all kinds of offers to come back just as often as she wanted.

"For a while I was just as thrilled as Moolah. Then I had other thoughts. Why the devil did they ever ban girl wrestling in Jersey in the first place? And what about all those other states that refuse to license us? New York, for instance. Just think of the crowds we would draw in New York state. For crying out loud, is this democracy. Is this equal opportunity?

"Anyway, I had a brainstorm. I asked Donna Christanello to join me and she said sure. Then I called Bette Boucher. She said that she and Toni Rose would

Right: Grable puts all her strength into headlock in an attempt to make Toni Rose give up. The referee presses close to Toni and keeps asking, "have you had enough?" Toni withstood the pressure and finally broke free. She later admitted, "that headlock made me dizzy for the rest of the match. Below: Grable lands perfect drop-kick on Christanello's chest, setting her up for pin in first fall.





come with us. I wanted to come to Washington where we could lay our cause before the American Congress. How about that?

"You know I have no love for Bette Boucher, or for Toni Rose either. But we all have one thing in common. We're women. I told them that if they'd come to Washington with me I would ask promoter Vince McMahon to get us a booking there. That way we'd even pay our own transportation. So tonight we wrestled in Washington. I'm going to kill that Toni Rose one of these days—she plays rough. But I'm not going to kill her tomorrow because tomorrow all four of us are going to sit on some senator's doorsteps. We want to know why, if they're so all fired-up about equal opportunity, why they don't mean it for women as well as men?

"I believe blacks should get the same breaks that whites get. I also believe women should get the same breaks as men. That's democracy, isn't it? Or do those dirty old men think that if a woman raises a sweat in the ring that she's a bad girl? You know, in the same towns where they won't let women wrestle they have strip shows, nude stage shows and movies where, for crying out loud, they show the latest Swedish bed inventions."

Joyce Grable upsets easily. In the ring that night she had much cause to be upset—most of the cause was Toni Rose. Toni, a comely brunette, does not appear to have much venom in her

fangs—but things aren't always how they appear.

Toni has a number of gambits in her wrestling purse. On this night in Washington, she displayed most of them. There was the time when she got into an argument with the referee—a brisk enough argument so that his attention was away from the corner where Toni's partner, Bette Boucher, was throttling Donna Christanello. There was also the slight interval when Toni heard as much of the referee's count as she dared while she was holding Donna next to the ropes so that Bette could direct a series of drop kicks into Donna's belly.

There was more than a little retaliation, however. There was the time when Joyce threw a beautiful drop kick at Toni's chest; another time when Joyce got a headlock on Toni that threatened to tear off the brunette's scalp and the time that Joyce used a flying mare to bounce Bette off the ring post.

It was that kind of a night.

"But tomorrow morning we are going to be up bright and early," Bette said. "We are going to make a tour of Congress. We are going to go to our own Representatives and our own Senators and then we're going to try and grab every Congressman in sight, no matter where they come from. Joyce is right in this. Why should women be deprived of a livelihood in a sport that men indulge in? See the newspapers lately? See how woman jockeys are allowed to race against male jockeys?

(Continued)

Why not, that's what I say. Women can do anything men can do. And, if a woman can do it, why should the law refuse to let her do it?

"It's like Joyce says. These laws were made years ago by people who didn't know what they were doing. Now the laws are kept on the books by dirty old men. Let me tell you, brother, if that wrestling match we had tonight was sex, there wouldn't be any more human race!"

It rained the following morning in Washington. Joyce and Donna had hidden the scars of the previous night's warfare with cosmetics. The four girls met in front of their hotel and took a cab to the Capitol building. They split into twosomes and then started the canvassing of representatives and senators, which would take all day.

When it was over, Toni called it "a helluva day." Joyce explained: "We talked to more congressmen than I ever knew existed," she said. "Some were darn nice; a couple of them wanted to take us out. But what could they do for us? Nothing. They have a new dodge; it's this: 'That's a state matter, my dear,' they tell you. 'I sure wish I could help y'all, but there's such a thing as state's right, y'know.' Did you ever hear anything like that?"

And what are the girls going to do now? March on the capital of every state that doesn't allow women to wrestle?

"No," Joyce said, "that's not practical. But what we have to do is organize. What we have to do is to get a war chest started; money to



Most savage exchanges in bout were between Toni Rose and Donna Christanello. Above: Toni (light suit) is whipped across the ring by Donna. But Rose recovered quickly and managed to bring Donna to her knees, get behind her, then slam away at Christanello's back and kidneys. This savage attack weakened Donna badly and just as she was about to fall apart, Joyce Grable came to her rescue.



fight this thing. Maybe we can get the promoters to help. We're good for the wrestling business; we know that as well as they do. Maybe the promoters will try pressuring their state capitals—or maybe they'll just refuse to put on any more shows until women are given the right to be equal."

"A fat chance they'd do that," Toni Rose sneered. Behind her, Bette Boucher tittered.

"It might not be such a dumb idea," Donna Christanello said. "All they'd have to do is to call off one

show and say why they called it off. That would give the thing a heck of a lot of publicity. That's all we need—publicity. We have to reach the people—the right people—the people who make the laws."

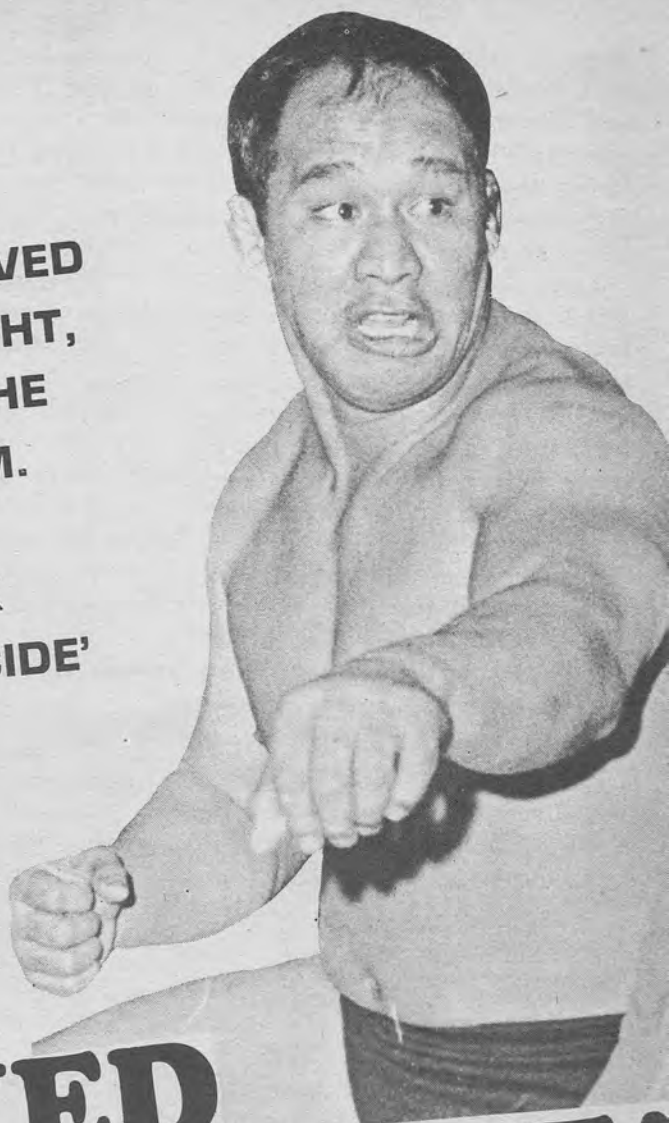
The girls had to leave. They were wrestling in Georgia the following night.

"Oh, one thing more, Toni," Joyce said.

"What's that, Joyce?"

"You kick me in the stomach tomorrow night like you did here in Washington and I'll split your head open." □

**'IT IS IRONICAL THAT WHEN I SAVED
MR. WRESTLING' LIFE THAT NIGHT,
I ALSO SAVED THE LIVES OF THE
ANIMALS WHO TRIED TO KILL HIM.
BECAUSE HAD I NOT JUMPED IN,
SWEDE HANSON AND RIP HAWK
WOULD HAVE COMMITTED HOMICIDE'**



'HOW I SAVED MY PARTNER'S LIFE'

By SAM STEAMBOAT

THIS STORY IS TRUE. And the names have not been changed to protect the guilty. The guilty are Rip Hawk and Swede Hanson. Their crime might have been Homicide!

I am Sam Steamboat. I have been a headline professional wrestler for many years. I'm sure you know me. I'm from Hawaii. I am the tag team partner of that great wrestler, Mr. Wrestling. This story is about Mr. Wrestling and the night he almost ceased to be my partner

—ceased to be alive...

I guess the story really begins in Charlotte, North Carolina. Mr. Wrestling and I had a tough match in Charlotte. We wrestled Rip Hawk and Swede Hanson. And we beat them. Hawk and Hanson holds the Atlantic Coast Tag Team Championship. But even though we beat them—and beat them good—we did not win the championship. In was claimed, *after the match*, that it had been a non-title bout. We had endured every dirty trick

that pair knew and then we were cheated out of the title.

Just when Mr. Wrestling and I were feeling despondent over not gaining the title, we received an offer for a rematch with Hanson and Hawk, this time for the title. The place would be Norfolk, Virginia.

Mr. Wrestling and I drove from Charlotte toward Norfolk about three days before the rematch was to take place. We wanted to have enough time to whip ourselves into the best

physical condition of our lives. This time we would defeat Hawk and Hanson and win the championship. That was our plan. It's funny how fate will intervene — just when everything seems to be going so well.

I was driving the car, a rented Buick. It was night time. We had just crossed over the state line into Virginia when the road curved treacherously. I made the tight turn and without warning, there before us was a stalled pickup truck piled high with crates of chickens.

I pushed the brake pedal almost through the floor boards. The brakes groaned in an effort to stop the car but my speed and

the road and tried to talk to him. Maybe I even cried a little. There was no blood. Suddenly his eyes opened. He tried to smile but then he grimaced. Something hurt bad.

"What is it?" I asked.

"My head," he said. "My head hurts something awful."

And all the while I was holding his head in my lap there was a cloud of chicken feathers in the air, shaken loose when we hit. Soon the owner of the truck came running. He had run out of gas, he said, and went for some. He started to give me hell for hitting his truck — the truck he left blindly in the middle of the road. I had about all I was going



momentum was too great. I tried swerving out of the way of the truck but there hadn't been enough warning. CRASH! We hit the left rear end of the truck! I was thrown free from the car on impact. Don't ask me how. I landed, a little dazed, in soft earth just off the road.

"Wrestling," I yelled. "Where are you?" I ran to our car and there, slumped in front, was Mr. Wrestling. His head had splintered the windshield. He was unconscious. Slowly, I pulled him out of the front seat. My God, I didn't know if he was alive or dead. I laid him down on

to take when the state police drove up.

This was a good cop. He was almost as big as I am. I told him what happened and who Mr. Wrestling and I were. He crowded us into his patrol car. "We've got to get this man to a hospital," he said. I couldn't have agreed more.

I hardly remember that ride. We had the siren screaming and the cop knew the road. But, to this day, I don't even know the name of the hospital. Anyway, Mr. Wrestling was given some tests and made to remain in the hospital overnight. The cop

Mr. Wrestling twists in agony after Hawk and Hanson beat him brutally about the head (left, below). He was saved in the nick of time when Steamboat leaped to his rescue (rt). But soon after Sam made the rescue, he became the target. To top his attack, Hawk grabbed the microphone and used it like a club on Steamboat's head (below).

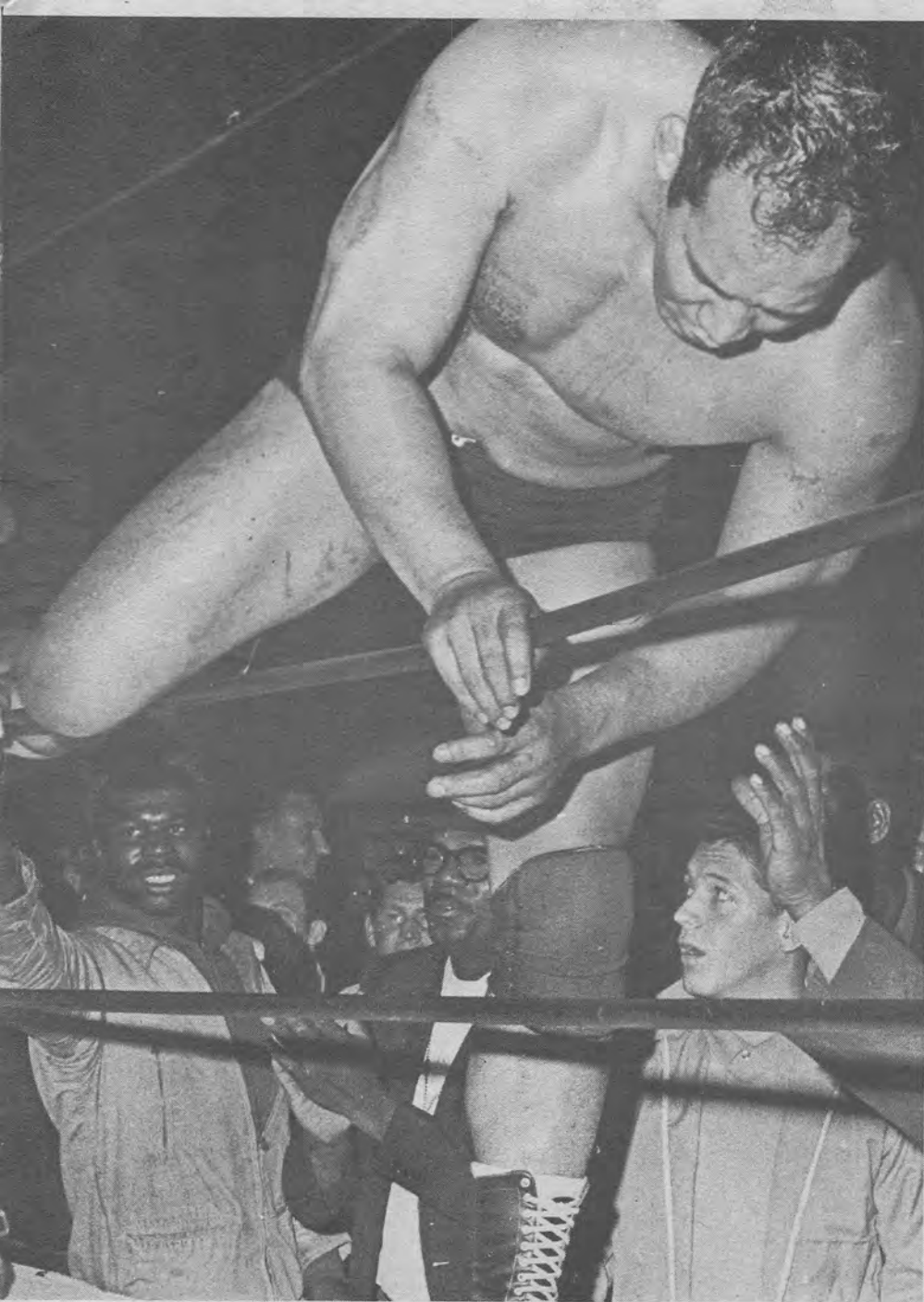


found a good motel for me to stay in. The next morning at the hospital, Mr. Wrestling was waiting for me.

"I'm all right," he said. "There's no problem."

As Mr. Wrestling went to the cashier's office to pay his bill, I asked for the doctor who had treated him. Fortunately, the doctor was close by.

"He has insisted on leaving the hospital," the doctor told me. "I wanted him to stay in bed longer but he refused. He said you and he had an appointment in Norfolk and he couldn't disappoint you. Frankly," the doctor



added, "he has a brain concussion. I wouldn't want him to do anything strenuous. Even a slight jar could be fatal."

Do nothing strenuous! No, he wouldn't be doing anything strenuous—only take on two of the toughest buys in wrestling!

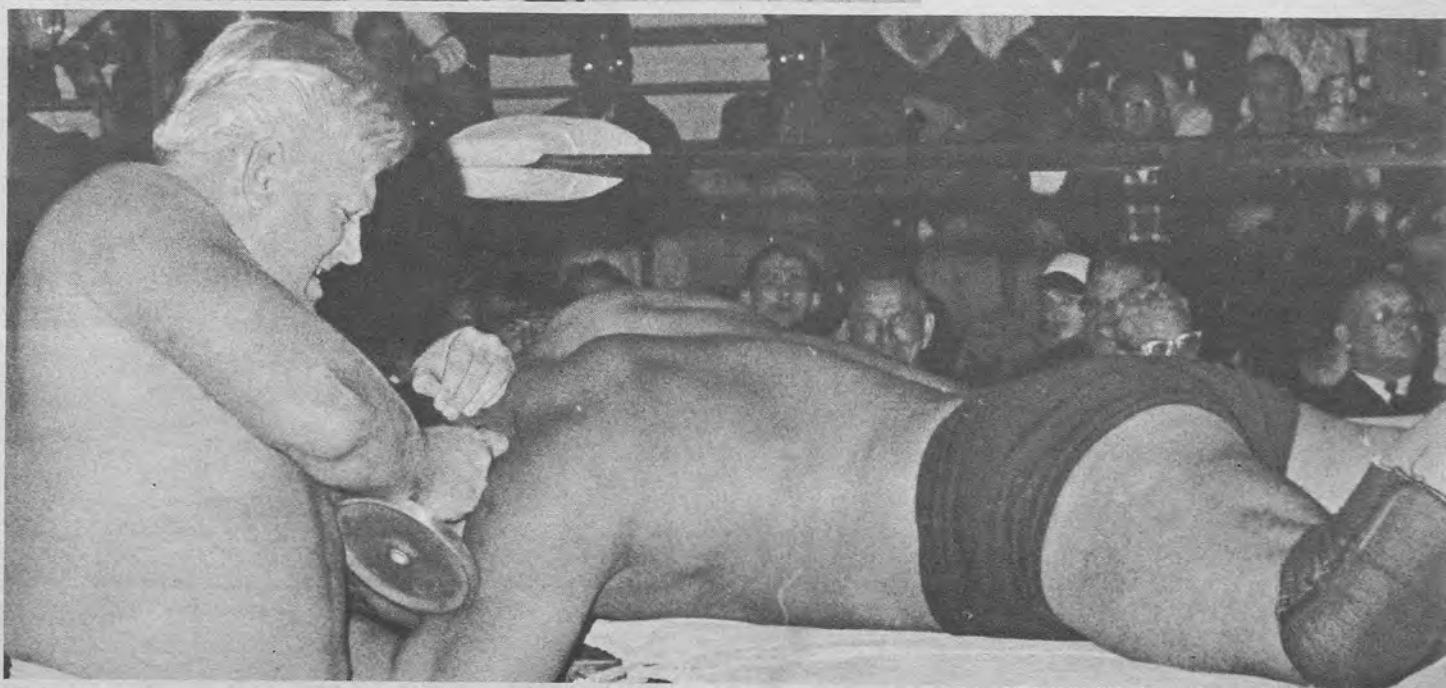
Sure, I pleaded with Mr. Wrestling. But that's like talking to the wall. He was positive that we were going to wrestle Hawk and Hanson. Stubborn! And I had to promise him that I would say nothing to anybody about the accident.

"We're going to beat those so-and-sos," Mr. Wrestling said. "When we leave Norfolk we're going to leave with the championship belts!

He almost left in a hearse.

Norfolk is a great wrestling center. People come from miles around. It's hard, I'm told, to get a seat. It's usually a sellout. It sure was a sellout this night. I swear they had fans hanging from the rafters. And the fans were all rooting for Mr. Wrestling and yours truly, Sam Steamboat. It seemed that there were hundreds of them crowding us at ringside trying to get our autographs.

All the while Mr. Wrestling was smiling. I kept asking him how he felt. He said he was fine. There wasn't any way to know if he was kidding or not, because



his mask hid whatever expression was on his face.

I started first. I drew Swede Hanson as my opponent. I had made Mr. Wrestling promise to let me do most of the work this night. I didn't want to endanger him. "I want you in the ring only when I'm in trouble," I told him. "And only when it's big trouble."

I had Hanson in a half-nelson, but he managed to throw me off. I landed on my back in the corner. I wasn't hurt. I was just about ready to spring up when I was clouted on the head with tremendous force. Then, before I could think, what seemed like a snake clutched about my throat and I was being strangled.

What had happened was that Rip Hawk had grabbed the announcer's microphone and twisted the mike cord around my neck. The man is a sadist! Then he took the microphone and belted me across the ear with its metal base. My ear split and blood poured all over me. I reached back and, over my head, landed a punch right in Hawk's eye. He squealed and let go. I pretended to be ready to go after him and he raced around the ring, climbed onto the apron and tagged Hanson. What they were doing was clear. They were going to gang up on me and then be free, they thought, to go after Mr. Wrestling.

From then on, Hanson and Hawk tried everything they could on me. Mostly they tried to strangle me. My neck seemed to have a fascination for them. I was choked, strangled, punched and kicked in the neck. Mr. Wrestling made his appearance when Hawk was about ready to give me his "piledriver." I didn't need that help though. Hawk never got his piledriver off. Instead I got him in a reverse press and pinned him for the first fall. One more fall and the title would be ours!

But that second fall would be



Above: While Hanson (rt) helps to hold down Mr. Wrestling, Hawk clubs the masked star over the head with a piece of wood. Right: Hawk's fist is about to crash into Steamboat's face. Sam became the prime target for Hanson and Hawk when the bout began, and only after they felt that Steamboat had been softened up, did they switch their savage attack to Mr. Wrestling. Below: Sam is hurt by Hanson.



a long time coming. Hawk and Hanson kept trying to strangle me. This time it worked. I took a Judo chop in the windpipe that made me black out for a moment. In that moment, before Mr. Wrestling could rescue me, Hawk had his pin. Hawk and Hanson were using a well-thought out plan to get me. One of them would argue with the referee and while the ref's time was taken up with the argument, the other guy would try to strangle me. Nice fellows!

As bad off and as sick as I felt, the worse was still to come. Hawk and Mr. Wrestling were bouncing off each other when Mr. Wrestling got too near the apron of the ring. Hanson, who was standing on the arena floor, reached in, grabbed one of Mr. Wrestling's legs and tripped him. In an instant, homicide almost occurred! Hawk reached down at the timekeeper's bell and ripped off a heavy piece of wood from its base. Then he started beating Mr. Wrestling over the head with the wood. And then he started gouging Mr. Wrestling with it. In seconds, that white mask Mr. Wrestling wears was covered with blood on the frontal part.

I wanted to yell. I wanted to scream, "That man has a bad concussion, don't hit him on his head!" Of course I didn't scream. Instead I raced across the ring to help my partner. But before I could get there, the referee had pulled Hawk off Mr. Wrestling — but Hanson had pulled Mr. Wrestling down onto the floor of the arena where he continued cracking my partner over the head with that damned piece of wood.

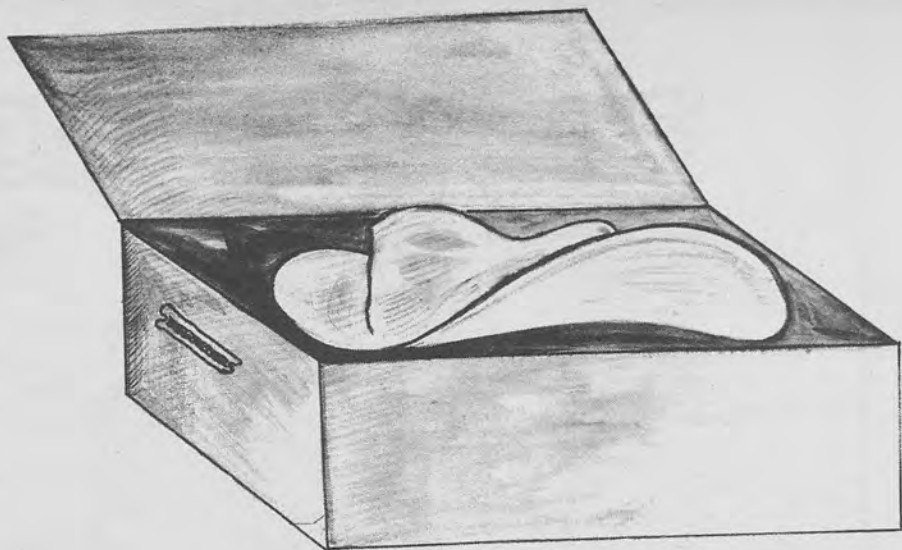
I guess I went berserk. I jumped down to the floor and landed a drop kick on the point of Swede's jaw. That stopped him. Then I jumped back into the ring and went after the Hawk. I

(Continued on Page 62)



Above: Steamboat tries desperately to regain his balance after being knocked out of the ring by one of Hawk's blows. But Hawk could not escape punishment despite his apparent control of the bout. He was cut badly around the head and face (rt). Most of the damage was inflicted by Steamboat's dropkicks and elbow smashes. Below: Mr. Wrestling about to catapult Hanson into ropes.





THE DAY THEY BURIED COWBOY ELLIS' FAMOUS HAT

A heart-tugging true story about a little-known side of the popular wrestler, as told by the president of his 4,000-member fan club

By ALICE NEWBERRY

LET'S JUST call him "Johnny." That wasn't his real name, but it doesn't make any difference to this story. What counts is what happened to Johnny one day when he was wasting away with cancer.

His face pale and drawn, Johnny was lying in bed thinking of all the happy things that boys do and wondering, with hope and exultation in his heart,

if he'd ever get to do them again.

Once he had thrilled to the click of bat against ball, the clatter of a diving board under his feet, the stirring music of a traveling circus troupe, the taste of a chocolate ice cream cone covered with sprinkles. . .

But most of all, he loved to watch wrestling matches and he would go wild with excitement

when he saw his hero Cowboy Bob Ellis in action on the television screen, bulldogging a vicious opponent to the mat.

Now, this was all he had left for enjoyment. It would have been enough if it weren't for his illness. Johnny, who was only 10 years old, was puzzled by his illness. He was scared, too, though he tried not to show it.

The doctors who came to

Ellis and his son, Bob, Jr., in trophy room at the Ellis ranch in Texas. Bronzed hat on mantel is the one he wore the night he beat Buddy Rogers in New York. Bob's fans had the hat bronzed and presented it to him as a tribute.



visit him didn't help much. They examined him with great solemnity, patted him on the head, held whispered consultations with his mother and then left, shaking their heads.

Johnny's mother knew he didn't have long to live and she wanted to do anything she could to make him happy. So one day she got in touch with Cowboy Ellis, told him about her son and ended with the plea:

"Can you come over and see him? I can't tell you how much that would mean to him."

"I'd consider it a privilege, ma'am," Bob said in his soft Texas drawl.

Coming from most other people, this would have sounded stiff and formal. But Ellis, who has a big spot in his heart for kids, was genuinely sincere.

When Ellis showed up in Johnny's home—his huge, muscular frame filling the bedroom doorway — Johnny's eyes popped with disbelief. He struggled upright, reached out a hand and tried to speak.

"Now, don't get excited," his mother said. Turning to Bob, she pointed to her throat and explained: "Johnny can't speak . . . he's got a growth in his throat."

Flashing a big grin, Ellis shook hands with the boy, pulled up a chair and started talking to him. He talked about many things, about patience and hope and courage. And then he entertained the boy with stories about his wrestling career.

Just before the visit ended, Bob gave Johnny his big cowboy hat as a memento. The kid's eyes were shining with happiness when Ellis left.

It is typical of Cowboy Ellis that he doesn't like to talk about such incidents. He has brought cheer into the lives of many kids, and grownups, too—mostly those confined to homes or hospitals—and he has done it not for show or publicity

but out of a deep compassion for people.

Johnny's case was an especially poignant one. Not longer after his visit, Bob received a letter from Lafayette, Ind. It was from the boy's mother. After telling him the news about her son's death, she thanked Bob for the "wonderful thing" he had done and said Johnny had died happy with the memory of having met his hero in person. Then she wrote: "We buried your hat with the poor child because it meant so much to him."

Ellis was grieved by her loss. "I just hope," he later told a friend, "that I gave Johnny a reason to smile when he had nothing to smile about."

Cowboy Bob Ellis' visit to a dying boy reflects a side of him that very few people know about. There are many other sides. One of them, his love for horses, stems from his childhood days on a Texas ranch. Today, Bob is an accomplished horseman who spends considerable time breeding, training and racing thoroughbreds.

This is not an easy job for a traveling man. Bob clocks about 100,000 miles a year to keep wrestling engagements. Judging by the tons of fan mail he receives, he would have to travel at least another 500,000 miles to please everybody who wants to see him in action.

When he is at his winter home in Phoenix, Ariz., he trains and races his horses at the beautiful Turf Paradise track, often jogging around the track himself a couple of times to keep in peak condition.

Cowboy is as popular in the West as he is in the Midwest, which he tours during the summer months. Wherever possible, he picks his stops with an eye to their proximity to a race-track.

Inveterate track fans are familiar with Bob's fine stable of thoroughbreds, among them *Greek Jewel*, *Subjugator*, *Speed Trail* and a mare with a name that many of his opponents know the meaning of first-hand, *Counted Out*.

Bob always tries to take a couple of horses with him when he invades a new territory. Win or lose, the horses get the best of care. Bob treats them so well, in fact, that other horse owners often ask him to train *their* thoroughbreds.

The core of Ellis' non-wrestling empire is, of course, his Square-Circle Ranch in his native town of San Angelo, Texas, where he also breeds and raises quarter horses and has developed an enviable reputation for raising some of the country's finest sheep and cattle.

A remarkable man, this Cowboy Ellis. Aside from all these accomplishments, he has won more wrestling trophies than he has room for—and he has plenty of room in his spacious Circle-Square Ranch house.

On top of this, he has a B.S. in physical education from McMurry College in Abilene, Texas. He pilots his own plane. And, before he went into wrestling, he played pro football with the Philadelphia Eagles. His biggest ambition today is to develop a racehorse capable of winning the Kentucky Derby.

We hope he realizes his ambition. When I say "we," I mean



the 4,000 enthusiastic members of his fan club, myself included.

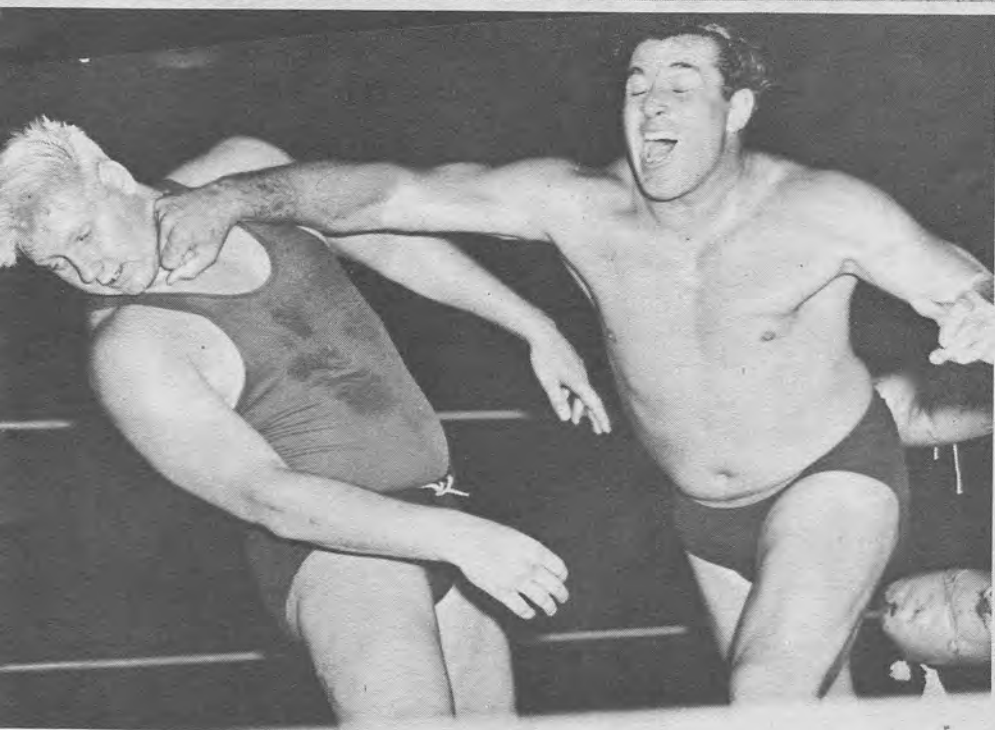
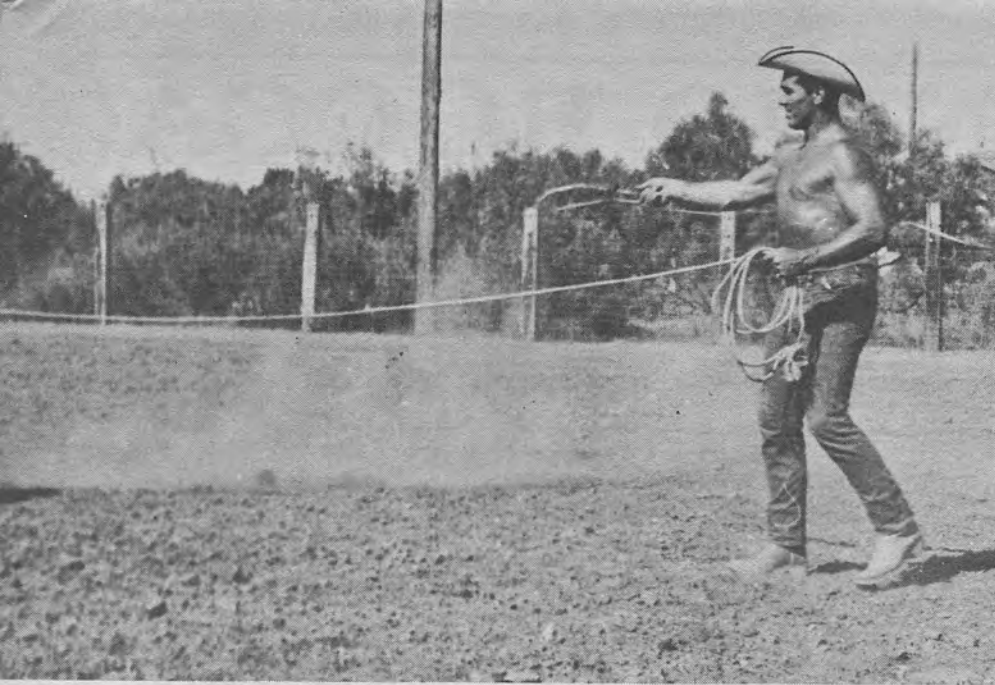
Just to give you an idea of how enthusiastic these members are, a group of 48 recently accompanied me on a chartered bus trip from Ft. Worth, Texas, to Omaha, Neb., to see him defend his Midwest title.

Naturally, Bob won. He wouldn't want to disappoint us!

□



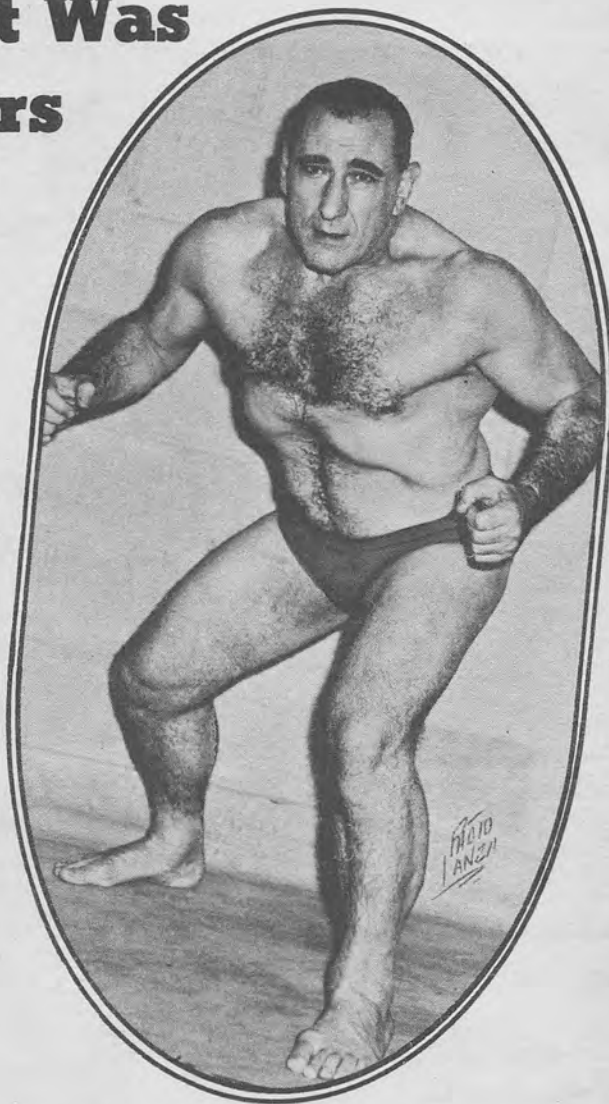
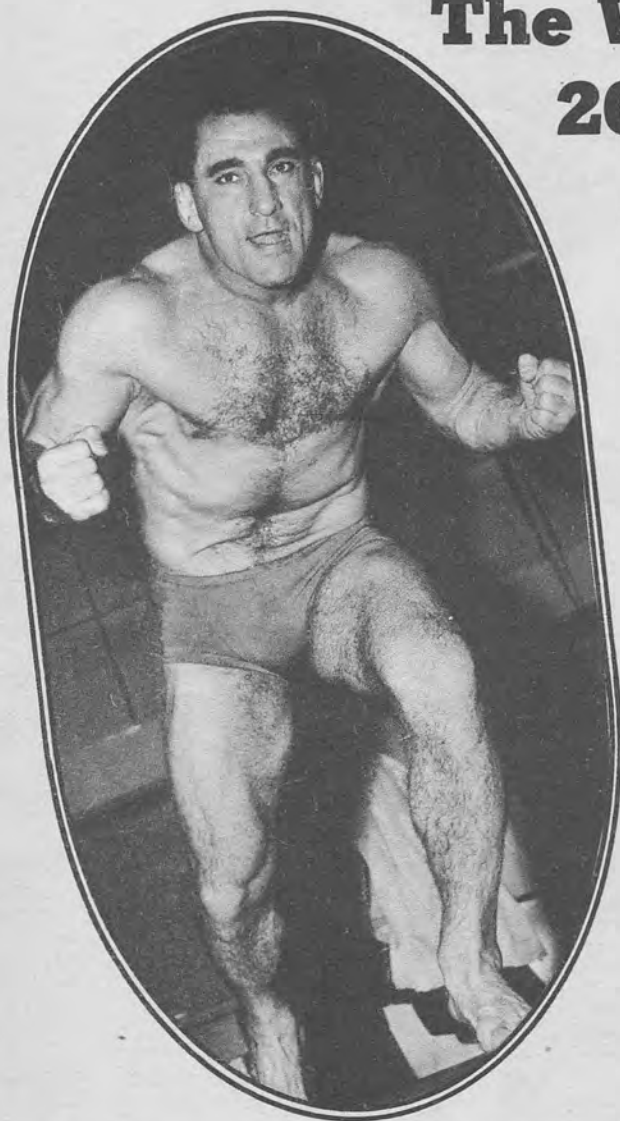
When asked, "Which is your greatest love, your ranch or wrestling?" Ellis declines to give a direct answer. But we suspect that if forced to choose, he would take the ranch. What little time he has at the ranch is spent in training horses (above) and riding his favorite mount, a magnificent black stallion (left). But the cowboy gets as big a kick smacking "bad" guys like Dick Murdock (right, above) and winning (far right) as he does when he's in the saddle. Right: Bob Ellis as millions of fans know him.



ANTONINO ROCCA

MORE AMAZING TODAY THAN EVER BEFORE

**Just Look At The Man . . .
Compare His Body To
The Way It Was
20 Years
Ago!**



The Great Rocca has always insisted he'll still be wrestling when he's 75 years old, and he'll live until he's at least 150 years old. And, by golly, it looks like he's going to make good on his predictions!

THE APPLAUSE BEGAN as he started walking down the aisle. As he got into full view, the cheering began to build. It got even louder as he stepped through the ropes and into the ring. But all that was nothing compared to the noise they made when he took off his famous sweater. Then they almost tore the place apart.

"It's amazing! He looks like he did 20 years ago!"

"Look at those legs! They haven't got an ounce of fat on them!"

"My God, he still looks like he's ready to wrestle for the heavyweight championship of the world!"

The man the crowd was so excited about was not wrestling for the heavyweight championship of the world. He might never wrestle for it again. In fact, he doesn't wrestle very often anymore. But when Antonino Rocca recently climbed through the ropes in Montreal, Canada, the crowd showed him it hadn't forgotten. And Rocca showed them that he has no plans to change his famous prediction to wrestle until he's 75 and to live until he's at least 150-years-old. He looked fantastic!

The occasion was a benefit for the Italian charities of Montreal. Rocca was invited to appear, and when word got around that he would, tickets sold like sausage during an Italian street festival. It has been a number of years since Tony earned \$200,000 per year in the ring. But the name "Rocca" has never lost its magic.

A legend in his own time, Rocca is the man who made wrestling respectable. He brought the sport to the pages of *Look*, *Life*, *Time* and *Newsweek*. Edward R. Murrow interviewed him on national television and so did Mike Wallace. People who didn't know a hammerlock from a toe-hold knew who Tony Rocca was.

Wrestler, acrobat and possessor of what were called "million-dollar-legs," Rocca was as big a drawing card as the sport has ever known. No wrestler was ever more popular. None was more famous. None was more loved.

In the ring he was perpetual motion, doing things with his legs and feet many people couldn't do with

(Text continued on page 50)

Tony Rocca (right) waves to Montreal fans who gave him a five-minute standing ovation. As he demonstrates against Chen Lee, (below) he still hasn't lost those sensational acrobatic moves which made him the world's most popular wrestler in the '50's and early '60's. Although slowed by a knee injury, Rocca is still wrestling on a limited basis. And wherever he appears, the magic of his name still brings fans storming into the arenas.



Highlights of Rocca's monumental career—a career filled with epic events



A young Antonino Rocca steps from the plane that brought him to these shores for the first time. Nick Elitch, the man who discovered Rocca in Argentina, waves, as Amarillo, Texas, promoter Doc Sarpolis stands between them on plane's ramp.



Rocca is lifted onto the shoulders of his legion of fans. The tumultuous celebration was set off after a 1957 bout in which Tony was awarded decision over arch-enemy Dr. Jerry Graham, who was disqualified. The match set off a near-riot, which Rocca quelled himself, by calming fans over the ring microphone.



Apollo (left) and Rocca issue a seated challenge to the Fabulous Kangaroos during a 1962 bout. Both men are Italians whose families migrated to Argentina when they were small boys. Apollo has been called "a miniature Rocca" by experts.

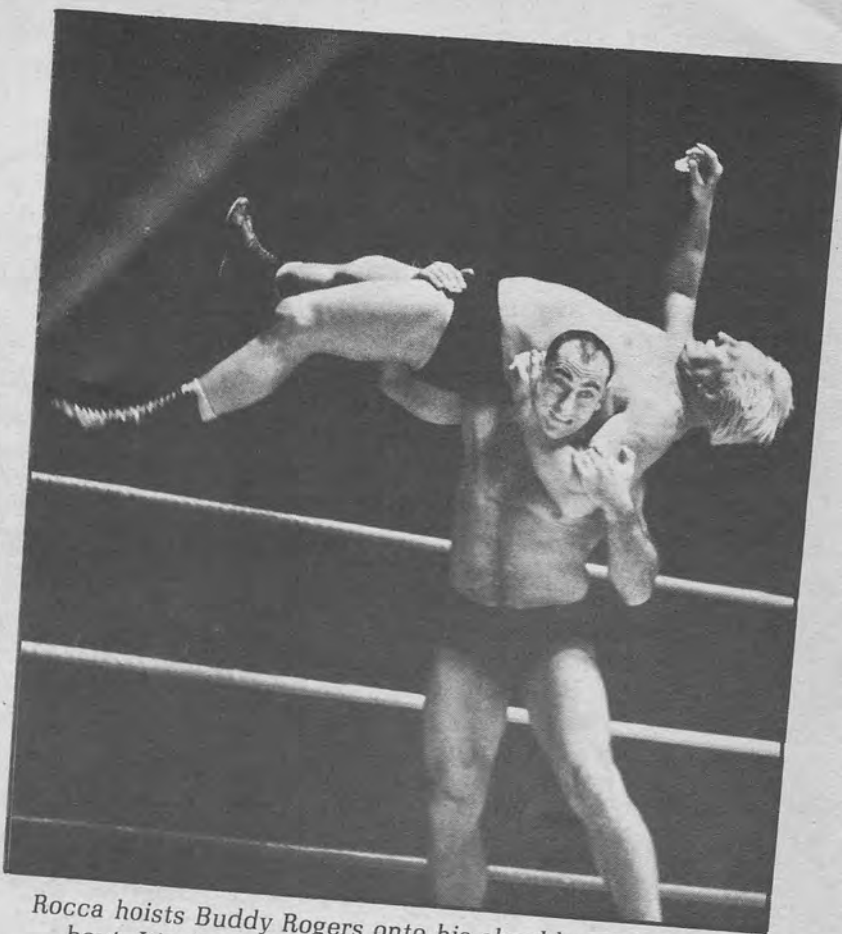


Rocca lifts left leg high in the air and slams his foot into Bruiser's face (left) during a 1957 match. Tony's dangerous even when he's standing on his head. Kangaroo Al Costello thinks he has Tony in a head scissors, but Rocca simply pummels him with his feet (right). Edouard Carpentier and Apollo are the only wrestlers who ever came close to Rocca in muscle control and acrobatic ability.





Along with tag-team partner Miguel Perez (right), Rocca became the toast of New York City's massive Spanish community. They were U.S. Tag-Team champs.



Rocca hoists Buddy Rogers onto his shoulders in a 1960 bout. It's the backbreaker, the hold with which Tony forced hundreds of opponents to concede defeat.



Argentina Rocca possesses the most technically perfect dropkick in wrestling, often flying six feet off the ground. He has a kick like a mule.



The famous "victory cigar" is as much a Rocca trademark as his flying dropkick. A sought-after sports hero, Tony still makes public appearances for charitable causes.

(Continued from page 47)

their hands. Children loved him and even cynical old sportswriters admired him. Even in places where professional wrestling was hardly heard of—Tony Rocca was a household word.

But in the late 1960's, Rocca was in a motorcycle accident and injured his knee. His legs, as important to him as eyes are to an airline pilot or an arm is to a baseball pitcher, were going. Rocca had abused his body, doing things like wrestling 21 times in 18 days in as many as seven different countries. "Rocca will burn himself out," the experts predicted. But he didn't—not until his knee went in that motorcycle accident.

Still, it didn't faze Tony. Supported by an elastic bandage around the injured knee, he kept going. His mobility was cut down. His speed was diminished. He could no longer jump and acrobatically fly around the ring as he once could.

"Tony Rocca is washed up," they said. "He won't last until he's 50—and he says he'll wrestle until he's 75."

Rocca is about 50 now. And although he has a part-time job with the Maislin Trucking Company, he still wrestles once in a while and works out constantly, "Just to keep myself in shape." And as the fans in Montreal could clearly see, Tony Rocca still had the same amazingly muscular body, the same powerful legs, like steel springs, and the same

bouncy energy that once made him a million-dollar property. Tony Rocca looked like a 20-year-old Superman.

His opponent for the evening was Chen Lee, a young Chinese wrestler who was barely born when Rocca first wrestled in the United States in 1947. Lee, of course, knew who Rocca was. But he figured he was just an old man now and didn't think his task would be too difficult.

By evening's end, Lee was mesmerized. Rocca pulled out his old bag of tricks: the dropkick, the hand-springs, the cartwheels, the back-flip and once, in memory of the good old days, he even leaped on the bewildered Lee's shoulders and rode him around the ring like a mule.

"Boy," said one young wrestling fan to Tony Lanza, the famous photographer, "if he's like this now, I can't imagine what he must have been like 10 years ago. How'd he ever lose?"

He rarely did. Once in a while, incensed by an opponent's filthy tactics, Rocca would lose his temper and get disqualified. And once in a while (after the accident), his leg would cave in if he landed on it the wrong way. But pins? In his thousands of matches, Tony Rocca wasn't pinned five times! Too strong. Too quick. Too talented.

"Sure I don't wrestle as often as I used to," Rocca said. "Nobody could. That's how I came very close to burning myself out. I just couldn't say no to a promoter. Many times I

wrestled twice in one night—in two different arenas! There were times my legs were so tired I could barely walk. But I had made commitments. I could not let my people, or the promoters down."

Rocca refers often to "My people," the people he credits with all his successes—his fans. Few wrestlers ever made themselves so accessible to the fans. He walked around their neighborhoods, kissed the babies they held up to him, and stopped in their homes for a glass of wine. In New York, he was the toast of both the Spanish and Italian communities. There wasn't an election in which a politician didn't seek out Rocca to pose for pictures with him. He loved his people and his people loved him.

But not everybody loved Rocca. Many wrestlers, champions included, simply refused to wrestle him. Late in his career, when he tried his own hand at promoting, he became embroiled in the sport's political wars. He stepped on a few toes. And suddenly Tony Rocca was not as wel-



Tony can still kick his legs over his head (left). His body is as taut as ever (right), and the spring still remains in his muscular legs (below).



come in some cities as he once was.

Still, he was good copy and a very exciting wrestler. People would pay money just to watch him move around a ring. "I have been blessed with the finest body since Sampson," Rocca was fond of saying. "If I don't get killed by a truck, my athletic career will last over 100 years. I will live to be 150 years old!"

Rocca's body was—and still is—truly magnificent. Every doctor who has examined him has called him the finest physical specimen he has ever seen. And now that Rocca has drastically cut down on his number of bouts and the number of miles he travels, his health has again returned to an excellent state and his once-abused body has recaptured its magic glow and dynamic power.

There is no question that Rocca, while at the height of his long career, was abused, both by himself and by promoters. He was worked nearly to death and wasn't paid nearly enough for his tireless efforts. Despite all the money he made, Antonino Rocca still must work for a living. He should have been a millionaire five times over. But Rocca doesn't complain. That's not his style. Sure he was taken advantage of. Sure he tried so hard to please that he came perilously close to burning out his dynamic



The hairline may be receding an inch or two, but the Rocca sense of humor is the same as he cavorts in the shower. Playful Tony could not resist splashing photographer.

body—so close that doctors pleaded with him to give up wrestling. But Rocca never complained.

"I am smarter now than I was in the old days," Tony remembers, with a twinkle in his eye and a grin on his leathery face. "But I have no regrets about yesterday. All I think about is tomorrow and how long I can go on wrestling. I feel better now and I'm in better shape now than I've been in the last 10 years. I found a doctor who has done wonders with my leg. My knee doesn't collapse any more. The pain is gone. I feel I am ready to climb back on top. But I won't rush it. Remember, I plan to wrestle for another 25 years!"

Tony's dreams about reaching the top again are probably only that—dreams. Although he did look like the Rocca of old while subduing Chen Lee, he is simply not getting any younger.

However, in one way Tony Rocca remains the same. He still cannot say "no" when his people need him. "A benefit for the Italian community,"

One of Rocca's closest friends is Alex Maislin, a Montreal trucking magnate as well as a sports buff.



Rocca said, "how could I possibly turn them down, eh? They are my people. All the people are my people."

Rocca left the ring to a standing ovation. The young man sitting next to photographer Tony Lanza rushed over with his autograph book extended in Rocca's direction.

"Just think," Lanza said to the boy. "Some day you'll be able to say you saw Antonino Rocca wrestle."

But the boy wasn't listening. Instead, he smiled at his new prize autograph. Almost 25 years after first coming to North America, Tony Rocca is still pleasing "his people."

And whether they be young boys or old men, the "people"—Tony Rocca's people—still haven't forgotten him!





Only quick thinking by his super manager — Super Brucie — saved Bruiser from six months in exile. Had Brucie's plan failed, Bruiser would have been bound by...

The Weirdest Contract in Wrestling History!

Bruiser (left) and his manager for the bout, Super Brucie (below), both bought airline tickets out of the country when Bruiser hooked up in one of the weirdest wrestling agreements in history!



THE SCENE IN Chicago promoter Bob Luce's office looked like a corporate board meeting. Except that the men gathered around him did not look very much like big businessmen.

On one side of Luce sat The Bruiser. Next to him sat the beloved Super Brucie, who would serve as Bruiser's manager for the upcoming bout. On the other side sat the tall Japanese wrestler Kobyashi and his tough manager The Big "K."

Luce pulled a long contract out of his inside breast pocket. As he did so, both The Big "K" and Super Brucie pulled smaller folders from their pockets.

"We all know why we are here," Luce began. "I'll read the contract for this bout and if anybody has any objections they must be stated now."

Luce opened the contract and began to read:

"We, the undersigned, agree to engage in a wrestling match to be held at the Chicago Amphitheater. The match will be two-out-of-three falls and there *must* be a winner. The loser and his manager shall leave the United States of America and not return for a period of six months.

two (Bruiser and Kobyashi) are not to come near each other until the night of the match. If I find out there were any violations of this contract there will be a \$25,000 fine. That is all."

That's how one of the strangest agreements in wrestling history came about. But to get to the beginning of this unusual story it is necessary to go back to a day in Chicago when Bruiser and Kobyashi nearly tore the Amphitheater apart.

"Bruiser and Kobyashi had wrestled against each other a number of times and every time it was absolute all out war," remembered Super Brucie. "They wrestled around Chicago and every time they met they got to hate each other's guts even more.

"One night, in the Amphitheater, they were paired in the feature and Bruiser told me he wanted to paralyze Kobyashi and his manager, The Big 'K,' too. I told Bruiser I would put my evil double hex on them if he wanted me to. He kinda laughed and said, 'Why not?' The combination of my double hex and Bruiser's wrestling brilliance nearly destroyed Kobyashi. Bruiser had the match won. But he wasn't satisfied. He wanted 'K' too! So he pulled him up into the ring. Then he tossed both of them over the top rope out onto the floor. He left the ring and jumped on top of them. Chairs flew, women screamed and a full-scale riot was on. I don't know how many cops it took to break it up.

"Promoter Bob Luce was mad as hell. They practically wrecked the joint like they did the time before and the time before that. Bob told them he couldn't afford to have them wrecking his arena every time they wrestled. 'I don't care if you kill each

Each wrestler's manager shall leave with me today a pair of airline tickets to any destination of his choice *outside* the U.S. The winner of the match will have his tickets returned. The loser will use his tickets within 24 hours after the bout ends."

Luce looked first toward Super Brucie and Bruiser, who both signed the contract. Super Brucie then handed the promoter a folder containing a pair of airline tickets to Paris. Luce then handed the contract to The Big "K" who signed as did Kobyashi. They, too handed over a folder containing two airline tickets—to Japan.

"Remember," Luce added, "you

other but you'll never wreck my place again,' he said. At first nobody knew what he meant. Then we found out. They'd wrestle once more—and the loser would have 24 hours to leave the country and wouldn't be allowed to come back in for six months."

"I will be happy to abide by that agreement," said The Bruiser when Luce made the offer. "The best thing that could happen to this country is for these two clowns to be forced to leave. There isn't enough room here for all of us and I'm not planning to go. Besides, when I'm finished with Kobayashi and his manager they'll need six months to recover from the beating."

The Big "K" didn't see it quite that way.

"This is the chance we've been waiting for," he snarled. "That Bruiser has been a blot on the landscape too long. Getting rid of him for six months would fit in with the current ecology drive. It would cleanse the environment. I've always said that garbage should be thrown out. It's just a shame that he and his stupid manager, Brucie, will be allowed back in six months!"

And so the stage was set. Kobayashi and his manager and Bruiser and Brucie showed up at the contract signing with their airline tickets and passports all in order. And Bob Luce had no trouble selling out the Amphitheater for the big battle. Word of the agreement had leaked out and the place was packed two hours before starting time. One fan even brought along a suitcase which he held up as the wrestlers entered the ring. On the side was printed "*Bon Voyage Kobayashi*" in big red letters.

It seemed as if the huge Oriental should have started packing as Bruiser won the first fall with a knee drop off the ropes and a body press. The second fall proved no better for Kobayashi. Bruiser hurled him from rope-to-rope, bounced him off all four ringposts and softened him up with body slams, forearm smashes, knee drops, Atomic Skullcrushers and bearhugs. Bruiser was taking no chances.

But just as it appeared the Japanese Giant was ready to fall, The Big "K" handed him a small packet of salt. Seeing this, Super Brucie screamed a warning at Bruiser.

"His right hand! Watch out for his right hand! He's got something in there!"

The crowd, too, saw "K" hand Kobayashi something. And their cries of warning drowned out the pleas coming from Bruiser's corner. He never heard Brucie. Kobayashi rubbed the salt into Bruiser's eyes, causing them to burn as if acid had been poured into them. Blinded, the Bruiser was helpless. A series of karate chops brought him to his knees and Kobayashi easily evened the bout at one fall apiece.

Between falls, Brucie worked furiously on Bruiser's eyes. And while he did, he also devised a plan.

"I knew they were going to try to pull that lousy trick again," Brucie later explained, "so we had to work out a system. There was no way I could shout to Bruiser and warn him, so I came up with an idea. I told him to glance at me in the corner every 30 seconds or so. If 'K' tried to pull the salt trick again, I'd hold up my left hand. If Kobayashi had the salt, I'd hold up my right hand."

For 10 minutes Super Brucie stood in the corner, hands in his pockets, while The Bruiser battled Kobayashi. Puzzled, the fans wondered why Bruiser seemed to be looking back toward his corner all the time. Finally, they got their answer.

Bruiser whipped Kobayashi into the turnbuckle in the far corner—the corner in which stood The Big "K." Like an arrow, Brucie's left hand shot up in the air. Bruiser saw it. And when Kobayashi came out of the corner, Bruiser aimed a bone-breaking karate chop of his own at Kobayashi's left wrist. The packet of salt dropped to the floor.

"His eyes!" screamed Brucie from the corner. "Go for his eyes!"

He didn't have to yell. Bruiser picked up the packet in a flash and began rubbing it into the Japanese giant's eyes. Angered at this reversal, The Big "K" crawled through the ropes and charged Bruiser. But Bruiser was ready. An iron fist met the manager and dropped him in his tracks. Bruiser then bent over The Big "K" and rubbed salt into his eyes.

The Big "K" looked like a wounded water buffalo, so Bruiser lifted him up and threw him into the second row of seats. With him out of the way, the Bruiser finished off Kobayashi.

"But those two weren't finished yet," Super Brucie recalled. "No sooner did the referee raise Bruiser's hand than The Big "K" came storming back into the ring. While I stood



Kobayashi is all smiles as he waits for his "exile match" against the Bruiser to begin. His manager, the Big K, wanted to get rid of Bruiser.

guard over Kobayashi, Bruiser grabbed The Big "K" and knocked him out with a punch harder than any Jack Dempsey ever threw. He started spouting blood like a geyser. They both had had enough. But the best part was yet to come...

"Promoter Bob Luce stepped into the ring with a broad grin on his face," Brucie continued. "And in his hand Bob held two airplane tickets. He walked over to Bruiser and handed him the ticket he had put up as security when the match was signed. 'Here, Bruiser,' Luce said. 'Go and get a refund.'"

"Bruiser grinned from ear-to-ear. 'Thanks, Bob,' he chuckled.

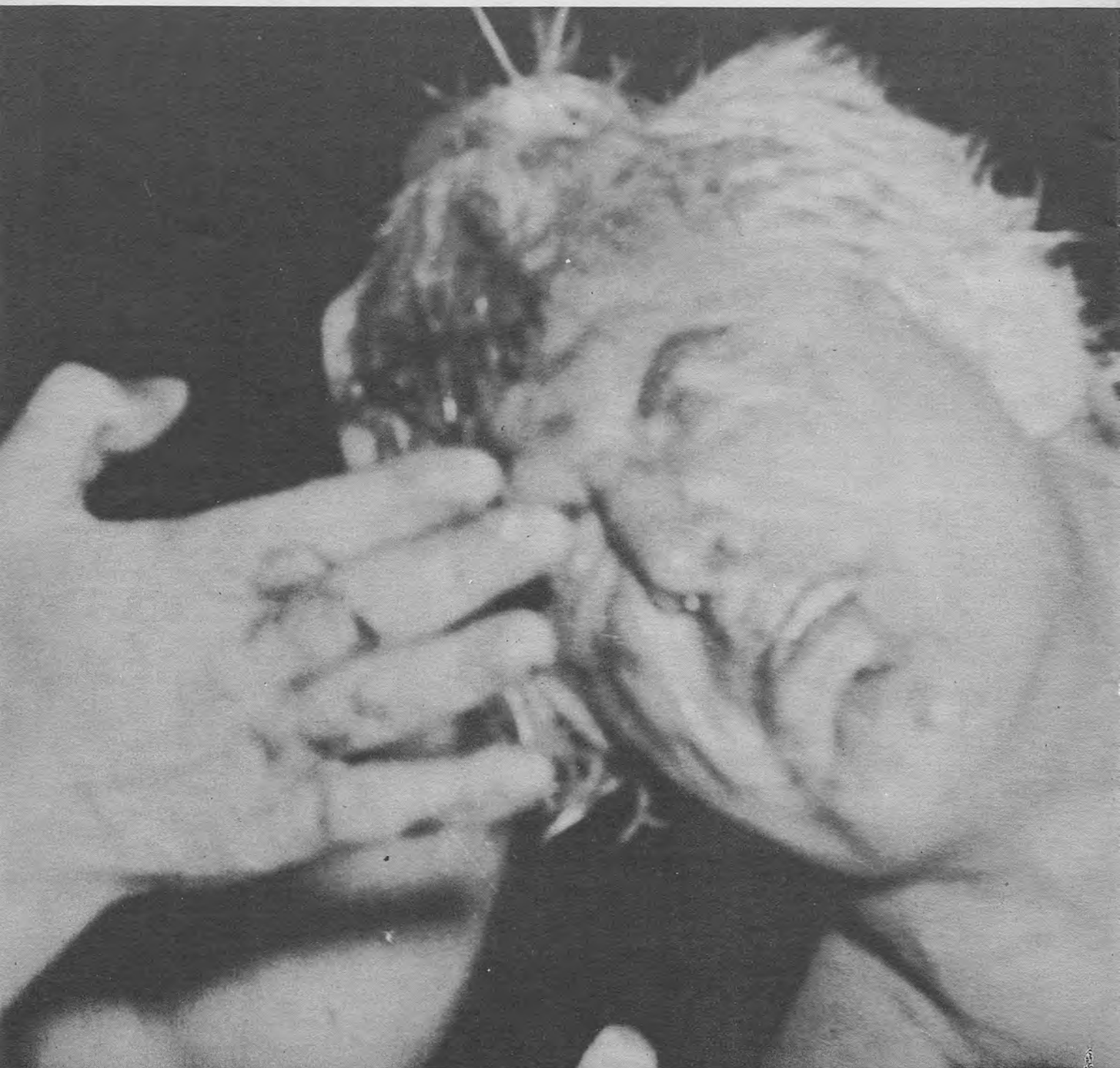
"Luce then walked over to the still-dazed Kobayashi. Shoving the other airplane ticket under his nose Luce snapped, 'Here's your ticket back to Japan. Make sure you use it!'"

Brucie sneaked over to where Luce and Kobayashi stood and, thumbing his nose at the towering Japanese star, Brucie crowed: "Yeah, man. And I hope the weather is terrible to wherever the hell you're going!"

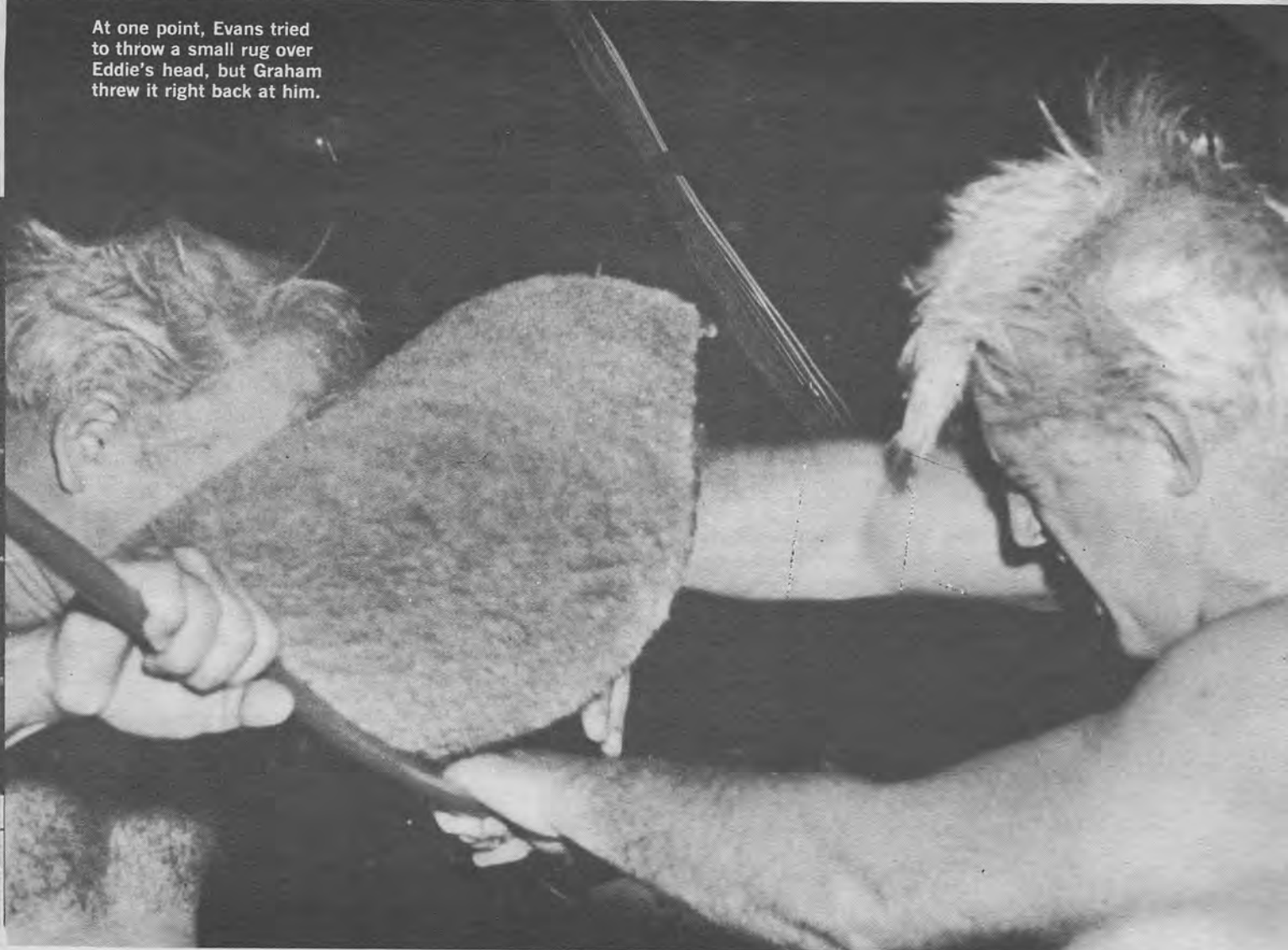
With that, Brucie leaped behind Bruiser for safety as the crowd roared its approval and Brucie again thumbed his nose at Kobayashi. □

THE NIGHT DON EVANS TRIED TO RIP OUT MY EYE!

BY EDDIE GRAHAM



At one point, Evans tried to throw a small rug over Eddie's head, but Graham threw it right back at him.



IT HAPPENED BACK in December of 1955. In Amarillo, Texas. What a night that was! I'll never forget it if I live to be a thousand. How can you forget when somebody does his damndest to rip an eye out of your head?

The gorilla who tried to blind me is not wrestling any more. Which is a break for all of us. His name was Don Evans, and he had fingers of steel. He liked to bust up opponents, make them bleed and beg to quit. And when he had a guy stretched out on the mat, Evans liked to grind a boot into his face. Nice fellow!

I had wrestled him twice before that night in Amarillo. He had beaten me in Tulsa, but then I knocked him cold with a flying tackle a few weeks later in Oklahoma City.

When we stepped into the ring at Amarillo, Evans came over to me before we were introduced and rasped: "Graham, I'm gonna pay you back for what you did at Oklahoma City . . . I'm gonna tear an eyeball right outta your head!"

I figured he was just shooting off his mouth, trying to scare me. So I grinned and told him to get the hell back to his corner before I got mad.

Less than a minute after the bell rang, I

realized that Evans wasn't kidding. He lashed out with his fingers at my face, just like a clawing cat. I jerked my head back just in time. Don lashed out again, but I was too fast and he missed.

I began to worry because I could see that this guy wasn't out just to win. He wanted blood. Mine!

I tried complaining to the referee, but Evans never gave me the chance. He kept pressing, moving me into the ropes and smacking me in the ribs so that I would lower my guard.

I knew that I mustn't let him get me in a headlock because if he did my eyes would be an easy target. But I couldn't help myself when he brought his knee up into the pit of my stomach. I doubled over like a hairpin and—BOOM! He had my head locked under his massive right arm.

I tried to kick loose. But the more I kicked, the more he increased the pressure.

The pressure didn't worry me, but I knew that Don was setting me up so he could do something to my eyes. This, I admit, scared the hell out of me.

After keeping the pressure on for about a minute and a half, Evans made his move. *I felt his fingers inching slowly toward my eye.*

Continued

I let out a howl and jerked my whole body back and forth in a desperate effort to break free. But I couldn't. I was trapped like an animal.

In terror, I closed my eyes tight. But that didn't do any good. When he dug his finger into my right eye, it penetrated through the lid, causing me to open the eye.

Of course I was screaming all the time, hoping the referee would rescue me. The fans knew what was happening, even though the referee did not, and they shouted: "Stop him! Stop him!" But their cries did no good. And by the time the referee came out of his trance it was too late.

Evan's steel-like finger dug deeper into my eye. I felt sharp, throbbing pains stab through my whole head. My only defense was to keep jerking my head to prevent him from getting a really solid grip.

I was close to panic. I had to break that headlock immediately—or lose an eye. The question was: how?

The only way, under the circumstances, was to foul him. I tried to grab his hair, but he kept me bent over and I couldn't reach it. Then it occurred to me: stick my finger in *his* eye.

With all my remaining strength, I aimed at

where I thought his left eye was and shot out my finger. Pow! Had it hit dead center, Evans would surely have lost his eye. But it struck the left side and the full impact was absorbed on part of his nose. However the shock was enough to make him release the headlock. At last I was free, but my eye felt as if it were on fire.

The remainder of the match—which went to a half-hour draw—was uneventful. When I got back to the dressing room I looked into the mirror and was horrified to see that the white of my eye had turned a cherry-red. I knew that several blood vessels had been ruptured and that I'd better rush to a hospital.

An old pal of mine, Dory Funk, who also wrestled on that show, drove me to the hospital, where they treated my eye and asked me to come back the next day for an intensive examination. After completing that examination, the specialist told me how lucky I had been not to have lost the eye. "But," he said, "your sight has been permanently impaired, and as you grow older, your vision will become worse."

I never saw Don Evans again, which is probably a break for both of us, because if I had ever caught up with him I think I'd have killed him. ■

Remarkable closeup photo shows Graham frantically trying to avoid Evans' stabbing fingers. "I was close to panic," Eddie recalls. "I had to break Don's grip immediately—or lose an eye. The question was: how?"



I put 2 full inches on my arms— 3 inches on my chest and trimmed 4 inches off my waist in just 7 weeks...

thanks to the Joe Weider
Musclebuilding Course!"—

WHY NOT YOU?

**SAYS MOVIE AND T.V. STAR,
ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER,**
"Mr. Universe" winner. He
believes you, too, can easily
duplicate his musclebuilding
success with the Weider Course.

**Why only the Joe Weider "MR. AMERICA"
muscle-building course can MUSCLE YOU UP —
SHAPE YOU UP—TOUGHEN YOU UP—FAST in just
7 short weeks—and in the privacy of your own home.**

It makes no difference whether you're fat, skinny, scraggy or flabby, young
or not-so-young—whether you're an office worker, laborer, executive or school-
boy—the WEIDER SYSTEM will pack 4 inches on your chest, 3 inches on each
arm—give you football-player shoulders, muscularize your waistline, sock your
legs with strength and speed—and "powerize" your entire body—IN JUST 7
SHORT WEEKS—OR LESS!

Only the WEIDER SYSTEM can do this for you because it is based on scientific
principle—and proven by the hundreds of thousands of Champions it has
developed since 1938. Practically every Mr. America, Mr. Universe and other
"perfect man" title winners used the WEIDER SYSTEM to build their muscle-
studded bodies.

**NO OTHER MUSCLE-BUILDING SYSTEM ON EARTH CAN MATCH THIS
FABULOUS RECORD OF ACHIEVEMENT—AND NOW THAT SAME SURE-FIRE SYSTEM
IS ENTIRELY WITHIN YOUR REACH!**

Just rush in free coupon and I will send you proof that you too can own a
new "Wildcat Take-Charge" body in just 7 short weeks—It's free, while the
supply lasts!

FREE!

**BIG
MUSCLE-
BUILDING
BOOK!**

MAIL THIS COUPON TO ME TO-
DAY AND I'LL RUSH YOU MY
NEW BIG 34-PAGE ILLUSTRATED
BOOK — FREE! It's jam-packed
with proof that you can become
an athletic, virile, "Take-Charge" He-
Man in just 7 WEEKS—OR LESS! It's
loaded with photos, tips, suggestions
that will help make your fondest mus-
clebuilding dreams come true—just as
it did for Arnold Schwarzenegger and
over 2,000,000 other successful stu-
dents! SEND FOR IT NOW—IT'S ABSO-
LUTELY FREE!

JOE WEIDER

Is your Personal Trainer!
He has trained almost
every "Mr. America", "Mr.
Universe", "Mr. Canada",
perfect men title winners
since 1938 — and over
2,000,000 successful
pupils the world over!

No other instructor in history can come
close to this fantastic record!



HERE'S LIVING PROOF HOW FAST MY COURSE WORKS!

... IN ONLY 14 DAYS



HE GAINS 16 POUNDS

BEFORE: Walter Leno, Jr. was
weak and "under-nourished"
looking—ashamed to be seen
anywhere in public.

AFTER: Walter used Weider
methods and in just 14 days
put on 16 pounds, 2 1/4" on his
arms and 2 1/4" on his chest!

**IT CAN HAPPEN
TO YOU, TOO!**

... IN ONLY 30 DAYS



HE GAINS 25 LBS.

BEFORE: Paul Carmody weighed
a skinny 135 lbs. with
"toothpick" arms and a shallow
chest. He longed to be big
and strong.

AFTER: Paul put himself under
Weider methods and gained 25
muscular lbs. in 30 days,
adding 1 1/2" to his arms,
5" to his chest!

WHY NOT YOU?

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

JOE WEIDER

Dept. 209-22A

25 Maple Street

Norwood, N.J. 07648

Dear Joe: Okay, sock it to me! Rush me
your Free musclebuilding information and
Free "Muscle Up" book that I can use
right away to build a handsome new "Take-
Charge" body—in just 7 short weeks—in
the privacy of my own home. I'm enclosing
25c to cover mailing and handling costs.
I'm under no further obligation.

NAME (please print clearly) AGE

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

**YOU'RE UNDER NO OBLIGATION
— NOTHING TO BUY!**

THE STRONGEST, MOST VIRILE AND ADMIRABLE MEN ARE BUILT BY THE WEIDER SYSTEM—FAST!

WANTED: MR. ROBERT ROOP CHARGE: ATTEMPTED MURDER

(Continued from Page 19)

and Southern Illinois, Roop, still in his early twenties, wrestled for the United States at the 1968 Olympic Games. And even then he had a world of experience.

"I started wrestling in the fourth grade," he said between sips of a glass of lemonade. "I was lucky. Most grade schools don't include wrestling in their sports program. I just kept at it. Right before the Olympics, Lou Thesz saw me wrestle. He said I should consider turning pro. But I felt I was still too green. A year later, Eddie Graham saw me at the Greco-Roman championships in Detroit. He convinced me to turn pro, said he'd help me out and gave me a piece of advice I'll never forget.

"Eddie told me that the most important thing after learning the fundamentals is to develop a new hold, something nobody else uses—something that would become my private trademark. And that's what I did. I worked on this one hold day and night until I perfected it. And now that I've perfected it the wrestling commissioners have declared it illegal, I say it's not and I'm going to keep on using it no matter what happens. I told them that if I had to turn dirty to use my hold I would. And that's exactly what I was forced to do."

Roop admits that becoming a wrestling villain was the farthest thing from his mind. But he insists he had no other choice.

"It wasn't an easy decision to make, believe me. Back home, in Tampa, Florida, everybody considers me a nice guy. For a long time Dory Funk Jr. has been my idol. I tried to pattern my style after his. I train conscientiously. I run two miles a day. I work out with weights three times a week and I wrestle four nights a week. I eat meat and salads, no potatoes or starches. I work hard at my profession. I never dreamed of being anything else but a clean, scientific wrestler."

Bob cut into a thick steak and shook his head as if in disbelief at the turn of events in his wrestling career. He was so angry when the commissions of seven different states declared his hold illegal he could think only of getting even. And to get even, Roop added an ex-



tra twist to his pet hold. Now it's both illegal and dangerous. It breaks collarbones!

"It wasn't originally designed that way," Bob insists. "At first I used to drive my knee into my opponent's skull. It would stun him long enough for me to get the pin. But one night, by accident I missed my opponent's skull when he turned his head and my knee went into his collarbone and broke it. I've been doing it that way ever since. I'm not giving it up. It's my bread and butter."

Roop doesn't even have a name for his new hold. He says "it's something like a neckbreaker. And that's what drove the commissioners crazy. When they decided to ban it they didn't even know what to call the thing they banned. They couldn't call it a neckbreaker because that's legal in some states. One state calls it the 'collarbone crusher' but that's not right because they banned it even before I

used it on anybody's collarbone. They don't know what it is but they ban it. It just doesn't make sense."

"I don't know what to call it either," said Chief Jay Strongbow, "but I know it should be banned. Roop thinks he's so damn cute sending flowers to guys he put in the hospital. What he doesn't think about is that because of him some wrestlers might be out of action for months. He cried that the commission was taking the bread out of his mouth when they banned his hold. But he doesn't cry about the wrestlers in the hospital with broken collarbones. That hold is deliberately designed to break a man's collarbone. It should be outlawed."

Roop disagrees with Strongbow's analysis.

"Plenty of wrestlers would up in hospitals before I came around and plenty of others will wind up there long after I'm gone. Why do I break bones? To get even. I'm willing to go back to my old ways if they de-

clare my hold legal as it was originally designed. Until then this is the way I let off steam, of showing them what I think of their decision. I'm not going to let my family starve no matter what any wrestling commission says."

Meanwhile, most of the scientific-type wrestlers are out for Roop's scalp—especially after what he recently pulled on an opponent who shall remain anonymous.

"Sure I did it," Roop said, "and I'm proud of it. It took guts and it showed them I meant business. What do I care if it embarrassed anybody. That's my business."

The incident Roop referred to happened about two months ago when he called up a hospital and made a reservation for his opponent—in advance! He then printed up press releases which he circulated to the newspapers telling them that his opponent was about to be layed up in the hospital with a fractured collarbone. He handed the releases out to the press at ringside. Sure enough, when his victim did wind up with a broken collarbone and was rushed to the hospital, you can imagine his surprise when the nurses told him they were expecting him and that his room was all ready. In the room, naturally, were a dozen roses—courtesy of Mr. Bob Roop.

"That was one of the meanest stunts anybody ever pulled," said Jim Valiant, another wrestler who has no use for Roop. "There's just no excuse for something like that. One of these days he's going to get his."

"Let 'em moan and groan," Roop snapped. "All I know is I planned to be a clean, scientific wrestler but they (the commission) wouldn't let me. Now they're complaining because I'm too dirty. One thing I learned when I was a little boy. Whatever you do you should do the best of your ability. If I'm forced to go the other way, I'm going to be the meanest, roughest guy in the ring and I don't care what anybody says or thinks."

Roop refuses to stop using his hold and the commissioners in most states refuse to sanction it. And unless somebody changes his mind soon, the florist business will boom.

NOW YOU CAN HAVE POWERFUL MUSCLES FAST & EASY!

YOU CAN HAVE THIS...

- * BIG, POWERFUL ARMS
- * WIDE SHOULDERS
- * TRIM, MUSCULAR WAIST
- * BARREL CHEST
- * LOSE or GAIN WEIGHT
- * TRIPLE YOUR STRENGTH
- * 10 FREE GIFTS INCLUDED!



FREE

BROCHURES CRAMMED FULL OF PHOTOS & INFORMATION

Fantastic New Discoveries in the science of bodybuilding have made it possible to transform your body into physical perfection! Thousands have used this fabulous system with great success! In the privacy of your bedroom, our method will add inches of powerful muscles to arms, chest, shoulders and legs! Learn secrets on trimming the waist with ultra-modern methods—fast! Regardless of age, skinny or overweight, we guarantee results! Write for your free brochure today!

Universal Bodybuilding, Dept. 109
Box 485
Dearborn, Michigan. 48121

Shoot the "Works" to me — FREE! I am under no obligation!

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

We Make Your Favorite Photo Into
50 WALLET SIZE \$1.00 PHOTOGRAPHS



& We Print Your Name on Each FREE

Order now. This is a sensational offer, a real value. 50 real photographs of your favorite photo — 50 beautiful deluxe studio photoprints. And, absolutely FREE, just for the asking — we'll print your name (or any name) on each and every photo. This is the greatest photo offer ever. Order NOW! Just send us your favorite photo or negative (returned unharmed with order) — any size, black and white or color. Only \$1. Add 25c for each set for postage and handling. Limit—6 sets to a customer. Prompt service. Money-back if not delighted. No COD's please. PHOTO-KING, Dept GL-812 1199 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

DETECTIVE TRAINING

Easy home study course prepares men and women for the exciting and rewarding investigation profession. SEND NOW FOR FREE DETAILS about course, lapel pin and diploma. No salesman will call. G.I. Approved for veterans training.

UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES
Training Div.
Dept. Z Box 8180, Universal City, Calif. 91608

NATIONAL DETECTIVES AND SPECIAL POLICE ASSOCIATION

JOIN OUR TEAM OF CRIMEFIGHTERS!

ANNUAL DUES \$7

- \$1000 Death Benefit
- Special Identification Card
- Star Emblem to display
- Detective Training Material

SEND FOR MEMBERSHIP NOW

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
1100 N. E. 125th Street, Suite 100
North Miami, Florida 33161

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

HOW TO REPAIR YOUR CAR

Save Money on Auto Repairs. Do it yourself.

You'll find everything covered, from Ammeter to Voltage Regulator plus chapters on emergency repairs, tools and equipment, a price list of various repairs, preventive maintenance measures, buying parts new and rebuilt. Only \$2.00 ppd.

1199 BROADWAY,
PADELL BOOK CO., Dept. K3, NEW YORK, 10001

1¢ SALE

GUARANTEED 10 YEARS

The knife for hunting, fishing and all around use. Mirror polished, imported stainless steel blade honed to a razor's edge. Rugged. Opens with flick of finger. Locks into position. Blade will not close when in use. Press button in handle to close. Safety finger guard. Sure-grip handle. Balanced for target throwing. IF BROKEN WITHIN 10 YEARS WE WILL REPLACE AT NO CHARGE! Use 30 days. Money back if not pleased. Special 1c Sale. REG. PRICE \$1.98. Send \$1.98 & receive 2 knives. Add 49c postage, handling. Remit TOTAL \$2.48 for 2 knives. ORDER NOW! Midwest Knife Co., 9043 S. Western Ave., Dept. XDD-7 Chicago, Ill. 60620. Est. 1936.

EPILEPSY!

Learn about treatment for epileptic spells! Write today for free information.

Lakewood Neurophen Co., Station A,
Dept AS 3 Cleveland, Ohio 44102

ENTER FREE!

WIN \$3,000.00

YOUR
SHARE
OF



Can You Name Our Mystery Picture?

Dear Friend:

This is your golden opportunity to win big money without spending one cent of your own money to do so. Just solve our puzzles and win \$1,000.00! That's the first prize in our all new FREE Money In the Bank Puzzle Contest. There are absolutely no entry fees of any kind.

NOTICE TO CONTESTANTS—THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE!

...and consists of one puzzle requiring you to correctly identify the picture on the puzzle entry blank and to successfully solve word and picture clues. Our past experience indicates that a majority of the contestants will probably be able to successfully solve the contest puzzle. Accordingly, it will be necessary for those persons to successfully complete one or more free "tiebreaking" puzzles in order to win one of the prizes. Each of these free "tiebreaking" puzzles will require you to construct your own word-building or crossword-type puzzles and points will be awarded based upon letter values given to each letter by American Holiday Association. These "tiebreaking" puzzles will be substantially more difficult than the enclosed puzzle.

Somebody is always winning our famous contests...it might as well be you. So send in your solution today. Remember, it's absolutely free!

Here's to winning,

Trudi Wilson

Trudi Wilson
Contest Director

P.S. Important! Please return the Official Entry Blank (opposite page) to American Holiday Assn., 8831 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90069. Contest closes March 31, 1972.



WON
\$10,600.00
Mrs. D.
Kleinert,
Royal Oak,
Mich.



WON
\$7,000.00
Thomas Lau,
Van Nuys,
Calif.



WON
\$7,000.00
Mary Carroll,
Houston,
Texas

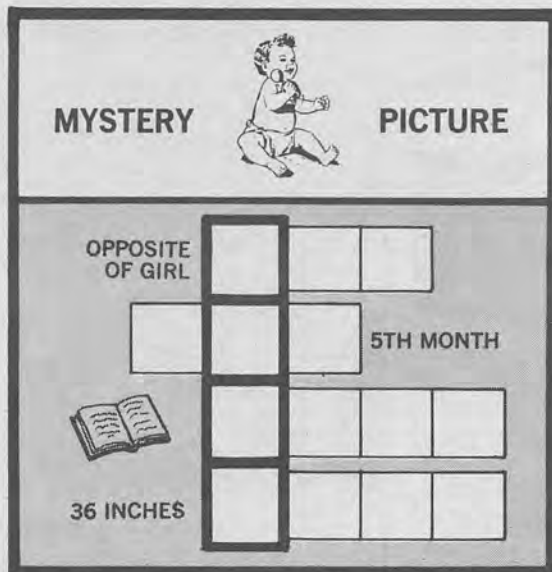


WON
\$10,600.00
George King,
Nashville, Tenn.

AMERICAN HOLIDAY ASSOCIATION

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Can You Solve this Puzzle?



WIN CASH PRIZES!

\$3,000.00 TOTAL CASH PRIZES
\$1,000.00 FIRST PRIZE
\$500.00 SECOND PRIZE
\$300.00 THIRD PRIZE
\$200.00 FOURTH PRIZE
\$100.00 FIFTH PRIZE
\$45.00 6th to 25th PRIZE

DIRECTIONS

Try to solve this interesting word puzzle by filling in the squares with the correct words defined by the picture or word clues. The letters in the large squares should spell out what is in the mystery picture.

IMPORTANT: This form is your Official Entry Blank. Please return it to American Holiday Assn., 8831 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.

COMPLETED EXAMPLE PUZZLE

SEE HOW EASY IT IS — The letters in the large squares correctly spell out **SAFE**, which is a good place to keep your money.



834

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

CUT HERE AND MAIL TO AMERICAN HOLIDAY ASSN., 8831 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069 TODAY!

OFFICIAL RULES/MONEY IN THE BANK PUZZLE CONTEST

1. Try to solve the interesting word and picture puzzle and name what is in the mystery picture by filling in empty spaces with words that correctly identify the clues noted at the right or left of each line (see example puzzle). The letters in the large squares will spell out what is in the mystery picture.
2. This free Money In the Bank Contest Puzzle will be scored in this fashion: 10 points for naming what is in the mystery picture; 2 points for each word or object correctly identified. All the words you use must appear in the 75c New Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary. Winners will be chosen on a point basis: Highest score wins First Prize; 2nd highest score wins 2nd Prize, etc.
3. In case of ties, which are expected, all tied contestants will be required to solve additional and more challenging word-building, letter-value free tiebreaker puzzles, each with its own scoring rules and solutions. Point scores of all winning Tiebreaker Puzzles will be verified by a firm of Certified Public Accountants. No less than five days will be allowed for solving each free tiebreaker puzzle. No more than three of these free tiebreaker puzzles should be necessary, and no more than four will be required under any circumstances. Should any contestants remain tied for any prize after completion of four tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be awarded in that category.

4. No entrance fee to this contest is required. One prize per household. All entries become the property of the sponsor. Contest sponsors, their advertising agencies and the immediate families of either are not eligible. Contestants, or members of their households, in any American Holiday Association Contests who have prior hereto singly or cumulatively won \$500.00 or more at the time this contest is paid, are not eligible to win prizes in this contest. Persons under the age of 18 years are not permitted to enter this contest. Contest limited to residents of the U.S.A.
5. This completed Money In the Bank Contest puzzle must be returned to us by March 31, 1972, and all prizes are scheduled to be paid about July, 1972.
6. Contestants agree to above rules. The sponsor retains the right and power to make such further rules and regulations as in his discretion are necessary for the proper function of the contest and to assure fair and equal opportunity to all contestants. Contestants agree to be bound by all such additional rules and regulations. Contest subject to all such additional rules and regulations. Not responsible for lost, stolen or delayed mail. A full list of winners and the winning solution will be sent to all contestants after prizes have been awarded, if requested.

THE MOST WANTED BACK ISSUES of any sports magazine

GIRL WRESTLING

Each issue has 64 pages packed with exciting, inside articles about the world's most thrilling sport. Every article illustrated with the most sensational girl wrestling pictures ever taken. PLUS THIS BIG BONUS! A giant action picture in FULL COLOR goes with each issue. These magnificent color Pin-Ups are worth more than twice the price of the entire issue.

The World's Smallest Sport
GIRL WRESTLING



WINTER/65

The World's Smallest Sport
GIRL WRESTLING



SPRING/65

WARNING! Supplies are Limited. Order Today! The special price is only \$2 per issue. We'll pay all shipping costs. Fill out the coupon now!

T.V. SPORTS, INC.

Box 58

Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571

Please rush me the back issues of Girl Wrestling I have checked below. I am enclosing \$2 for EACH issue—

Winter/65 ☐

Spring/65 ☐

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SAM STEAMBOAT

(Continued from Page 41)



Steamboat and Mr. Wrestling in dressing room after brutal bout.

kept bouncing him off the turnbuckles until I thought the whole ring would collapse. Never underestimate the adrenalin that comes from anger. Here I was almost out of gas, but yet I found strength when they tried to murder my partner.

In a second, Rip Hawk had too much. He was groggy. One of the crashes into the turnbuckle had been head-first. He was bleeding badly. But he didn't have a concussion. Slamming him down and gaining the second fall was anticlimatic. What difference did it make that Mr. Wrestling and I had won the Atlantic Coast Tag Team Championship. What really mattered was whether or not Mr. Wrestling was all right.

He was.

Later that night he underwent an examination—one that followed the stitches they had to put into his head. The doctor was surprised that Mr. Wrestling had suffered a concussion only three days earlier.

"That man has marvelous powers of recuperation," the doctor said.

"You're telling me!" I said happily. ☐

THE 8-TRACK STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE PLAYER OF YOUR CHOICE

FREE*

YOURS AS A GIFT JUST FOR JOINING NOW

Stereo Tape Club of America

*With one year membership and minimum tape purchase, six now and one a month for a year; speakers extra.

PICK ONE FREE*

NEWEST FINEST SOLID STATE AUTOMATIC 8-TRACK STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE PLAYERS



\$119.95
reg. price
COMPLETE HOME SYSTEM

with built-in amplifier and 2 deluxe stereo speaker units in handsome walnut cabinets. THE PLAYER IS FREE. We will bill you only special member's price of \$29.95 for speakers. ☐ check COMPLETE HOME SYSTEM in coupon.



1972 MODELS
\$79.95
reg. price
HOME PLUG-IN SYSTEM

Pre-amplified model. Plugs into your present stereo record system. Beautiful walnut grain finish. THE PLAYER IS FREE. No speakers needed, plays through your own stereo system. ☐ check HOME PLUG-IN SYSTEM in coupon.



\$89.95
reg. price
DELUXE AUTO SYSTEM

Complete with easy installation kit and 2 deluxe flush mount speakers (no drilling holes). THE PLAYER IS FREE. We will bill you only special member's price of \$11.98 for speakers. ☐ check DELUXE AUTO SYSTEM in coupon.



SELECT ANY 6 STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGES TO START MEMBERSHIP
Only Stereo Tape Club gives full selection of all labels, artists, new releases.

POPULAR

- ☐ 1319—WHEN YOU'RE SMILING, Nat King Cole (Pickwick) 5.98
- ☐ 1321—FRANK SINATRA'S GREATEST HITS (Reprise) 6.98
- ☐ 1344—RAINBOWS KEEP FALLIN' O.M. HEAD, B. J. Thomas (Spti) 6.98
- ☐ 1347—THE RAY CHARLES STORY, VOLUME II (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 1348—THE GOLDEN SOUNDS—POP, Various Artists (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 1349—GREATEST HITS, Bobby Goldsboro (U. Artists) 6.98
- ☐ 1353—TOM, Tom Jones (Parrot) 6.98
- ☐ 1355—NOW I'M A WOMAN, Nancy Wilson (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 1359—GREATEST HITS, Barbra Streisand (Columbia) 6.98
- ☐ 1361—VERY DIONNE, Dionne Warwick (Scepter) 6.98
- ☐ 1363—GLEN CAMPBELL'S GREATEST HITS (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 1364—LOVE'S LINES, ARTHUR & RHYMES, 5th Dimension (Bell) 6.98
- ☐ 1365—THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, Elvis Presley (RCA) 6.98
- ☐ 1366—FOR THE GOOD TIMES, Dean Martin (Reprise) 6.98
- ☐ 1367—SWEETHEART, Englebert Humperdinck (Parrot) 6.98
- ☐ 1368—EVERYTHING IS GOOD ABOUT YOU, The Lettermen (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 1369—CLOSE TO YOU, The Carpenters (A&M) 6.98
- ☐ 1370—CHAPTER TWO, Roberta Flack (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 1371—SHE'S A LADY, Tom Jones (Parrot) 6.98
- ☐ 1372—CARPENTERS, The Carpenters (A&M) 6.98
- ☐ 1373—GREATEST HITS, Herb Alpert, Tijuana Brass (A&M) 6.98
- ☐ 1374—MAGIC PIANOS OF FERRANTE & TEICHER (Sunset) 6.98
- ☐ 1375—COME SATURDAY MORNING, Jackie Gleason (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 1376—ORANGE COLORED SKY, Bert Kaempfert (Decca) 6.98
- ☐ 1377—FROM MONTE, WITH LOVE, Monty Python (Polydor) 6.98
- ☐ 1378—BURT BACHARACH (A&M) 6.98
- ☐ 1379—COWBOYS & COLORED PEOPLE, Flip Wilson (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 1380—BEST OF BILL COSBY, Bill Cosby (Warner Bros.) 6.98
- ☐ 1381—LIVE AT SING SING, Moms Mabley (Mercury) 6.98
- ☐ 1382—THIS IS A RECORDING, Lily Tomlin (Polydor) 6.98
- ☐ 1383—THE BEST OF PETER, PAUL & MARY (Warner Bros.) 6.98

ROCK AND FOLK

- ☐ 3301—LADY SOUL, Aretha Franklin (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3312—THE BEST OF WILSON PICKETT (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3314—HISTORY OF OTIS REDDING (Atco) 6.98
- ☐ 3330—THE BEATLES 1 & 2 (Apple) (Twin Pack) 13.98
- ☐ 3357—DEJA-VU, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3366—LIVE, CREAM, Cream (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3371—WOODSTOCK, Various Artists (Cotillion) (Twin Pack) 17.98
- ☐ 3372—LIVE AT MONTEREY, Jimi Hendrix (Atlantic) (Rep.) 6.98
- ☐ 3373—SPIRIT IN THE DARK, Aretha Franklin (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3374—ABRAXAS, Santana (Columbia) 6.98
- ☐ 3376—LIVE AT LONDON'S TALK OF THE TOWN, Temptations (Gordy) 6.98
- ☐ 3377—LED ZEPPELIN III, Led Zeppelin (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3379—STEPHEN STILLS, Stephen Stills (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3381—FAREWELL LIVE, VOL. 1, Diana Ross, Supremes (Motown) 6.98
- ☐ 3382—PENDULUM, Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy) 6.98
- ☐ 3383—THE SUPER HITS, Vol. 5, Various Artists (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3384—SUPER BAD, James Brown (King) 6.98
- ☐ 3385—METAMORPHOSIS, Iron Butterfly (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3386—2 YEARS ON, Led Zeppelin (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3387—STICKY FINGERS, Rolling Stones (Atco) 6.98
- ☐ 3388—BEST OF WILSON PICKETT, VOLUME 2 (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3389—4 WAY STREET, Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young (Atlantic) 9.98
- ☐ 3390—ALL THINGS MUST PASS, Geo. Harrison (Apple) (Twin Pack) 13.98
- ☐ 3392—THE SKY'S THE LIMIT, Temptations (Gordy) 6.98
- ☐ 3393—MAYBE TOMORROW, Jackson 5 (Motown) 6.98
- ☐ 3394—SONGS FOR BEGINNERS, Geo. Harrison (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 3395—TOUCH, Supremes (Motown) 6.98
- ☐ 3396—TAP ROOT MANUSCRIPT, Neil Diamond (Uni) 6.98
- ☐ 3397—TUMBLEWEED CONNECTION, Elton John (Uni) 6.98

COUNTRY AND WESTERN

- ☐ 4301—TIME I GET TO PHOENIX, Glen Campbell (Capitol) 6.98

- ☐ 4322—THE GOLDEN SOUNDS, COUNTRY, Various Artists: Haggard, James, South, Owens, (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 4325—HELLO DARLIN', Conway Twitty (Decca) 6.98
- ☐ 4326—FIGHTING SIDE OF ME, Merle Haggard (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 4327—FROM ME TO YOU, Charley Pride (RCA) 6.98
- ☐ 4328—JOHNNY CASH SHOW, Johnny Cash (Columbia) 6.98

JAZZ

- ☐ 5307—THE BEST OF WES MONTGOMERY (Verve) 6.98
- ☐ 5312—MEMPHIS UNDERGROUND, Herbie Mann (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 5319—LIVE AT THE WHISKEY A-60-60, Herbie Mann (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 5323—THE BEST OF RAMSEY LEWIS, (Cadet) 6.98
- ☐ 5325—MONGO '70, Mongo Santamaria (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 5326—FREE SPEECH, Eddie Harris (Atlantic) 6.98
- ☐ 5327—MELLOW DREAMING, Young-Holt Unlimited (Cotillion) 6.98
- ☐ 5328—SECOND MOVEMENT, Eddie Harris & Les McCann (Atlantic) 6.98

SHOW AND CLASSICAL

- ☐ 5301—DR. ZHIVAGO, Original Sound Track (MGM) 7.98
- ☐ 5310—HAIR, Original Broadway Cast (RCA) 7.98
- ☐ 5312—ROMEO & JULIET, Original Soundtrack (Capitol) 6.98
- ☐ 5321—LOVE STORY, Original Sound Track (Paramount) 7.98
- ☐ 5322—HOMER, Original Soundtrack (Cotillion) 6.98
- ☐ 5323—PARTRIDGE FAMILY ALBUM, S. Jones, D. Cassidy (Bell) 6.98
- ☐ 5324—JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR, A Rock Opera (Decca) (Twin Pack) 12.98
- ☐ 5325—NO, NO, NANETTE, Original Broadway Cast (Columbia) 7.98
- ☐ 5303—GERSHWIN RHAPSODY IN BLUE, Lon. Fest. Orch. (Lon.) 6.98
- ☐ 5319—THE GOLDEN SOUNDS CLASSICS, Various Artists (Cap) 6.98
- ☐ 5320—TCHAIKOVSKY 1812 OVERTURE, Zubin Mehta (Lon.) 6.98
- ☐ 5322—BEST OF BEETHOVEN, (Westminster-Gold) 6.98
- ☐ 5323—RAVEL: BOLERO, (Westminster-Gold) 6.98
- ☐ 5324—TCHAIKOVSKY SWAN LAKE SUITE (Westminster-Gold) 6.98

If coupon removed write to:
Stereo Tape Club of America
8831 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069
† Trademark ©1971 Stereo Tape Club of America

WHY WE GIVE YOU THE FINEST 8-TRACK STEREO PLAYER FREE

We are America's largest all-label, all-artist stereo tape cartridge club. We want to introduce you to the newest, most advanced, most convenient way to enjoy music in your home, car or office — with trouble-free compact stereo tape cartridges that play continuously, switch tracks automatically and last practically forever. We are so convinced that you will enjoy this spectacular new stereo sound in a cartridge, that we are willing to give you the player free, as a membership gift, just so you'll buy your tapes from us — all the newest, factory-fresh releases direct from all the major recording companies — never at more than regular price, and you can save up to 50%, get free bonus tapes every month, enjoy extra Club benefits and the Club Magazine.

The STEREO MAT'C tape player we give you free, as a membership gift, is superb. It must be good to keep you as a customer. It is made especially for Club members by one of the finest manufacturers in the world, to meet strict Club specifications that assure you brilliant high fidelity stereo performance for many years of trouble-free service. We know you must be delighted. That's why we are willing to send it to you at no risk or obligation on your part. If you like it. KEEP IT. It's yours FREE just for buying stereo tape cartridges you would want to own anyway. If not, return it and your membership is cancelled. You pay nothing and owe nothing. To take advantage of this fabulous new membership offer, complete the coupon and mail now.

SEND NO MONEY — JUST MAIL

Stereo Tape Club of America

8831 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069

Please accept my membership and send FREE Stereo-matic 8-track tape cartridge player checked below:

- ☐ COMPLETE HOME SYSTEM (speakers \$29.95)
- ☐ HOME PLUG-IN SYSTEM (no speakers)
- ☐ DELUXE AUTO SYSTEM (speakers \$11.98)

Also send 6 cartridges I am buying now to start membership. (Select 6 and print numbers below.)

Bill me for these plus shipping and handling. I may pay in 3 monthly installments if I wish. If not 100% satisfied, I may return player and cartridges in 10 days and membership is cancelled. I owe nothing. (Fill in all info. If military, use military address)

Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone _____ Area _____ ☐ Home ☐ Bus. ☐ Other

Credit Card? (If any, check one): ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Master Charge ☐ Amer. Express ☐ Diners Club
Acct. # _____ IF YOU WISH TO CHARGE
ABOVE ORDER TO CREDIT CARD, CHECK HERE... ☐

Military Only: Rank E- _____ Serial # _____
Date of Discharge _____ Length of Service _____

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS: (check one)
☐ Popular ☐ Rock & Folk ☐ Show & Classical

In addition to the 6 cartridges I am buying now to start membership, I agree to buy one a month for a year at reg. Club price plus postage and handling. (Tapes you'll want anyway, thousands to choose from.)

SIGNATURE (REQUIRED)

H-2016

Men in Accounting, Banking, Sales, Credit, Real Estate and many other fields study law as a way to increased earnings.

NOW YOU CAN STUDY

LAW



IN YOUR
SPARE
TIME
AT HOME

A knowledge of law is an asset for the person who aspires to a position of leadership and responsibility in business. The increased role of government in business, the many new problems of law involving insurance, contracts, liability, and much more—have caused management to put a special value on the law-trained executive. That is why executives with a law background are often found holding well-paid, upper-level administrative positions in business and industry.

Earn an LL.B. Degree

You can study law conveniently at home—at low cost—under the supervision of LaSalle's experienced law faculty. Your study is illustrated with classic legal precedents and citations. *The valuable LaSalle Library of 14 volumes is given as part of your course.* Upon satisfactory completion of the prescribed course, a student may, if he wishes, take a proctored exam for the Bachelor of Laws degree. Mail coupon for free booklet today. LaSalle, 417 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

SEND FOR THIS
FREE BOOKLET



No state accepts any law home study course, including LaSalle's, as sufficient education to qualify for admission to practice law.

Mail this coupon for free booklet

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution

417 S. Dearborn Street, Dept 74-053, Chicago, Illinois 60605

Please send me your free illustrated booklet
"Law Training for Business Leadership."

Print Name.....Age.....

Address.....Apt. No.....

City.....

State.....Zip.....

DUTCH SAVAGE LIVES UP TO HIS NAME

(Continued from Page 23)

Maivia's hammerlock doesn't seem to faze Savage at all. After Dutch broke this hold he drove his knee into Peter's head opening a bloody cut. Dutch swears he keeps nothing underneath his knee pad, but most wrestlers and fans think otherwise.

me. Let the fans call me a dirty wrestler. Just let them keep paying to see me.

Q: You keep coming back to money.

A: Yeah.

Q: Let's change the subject. How do you feel just before you step into the ring?

A: I usually say "here I am again. I'm going to get into this ring and wrestle again for the 9,000th time." How would you feel if you wrestled 9,000 times?

Q: Very, very bored.

A: Exactly right!

Q: Yet you once said you recommended pro wrestling as a career?

A: Sure. Why not? It's better than digging ditches. And it's better than going to school and earning a degree and teaching for nine grand a year. It's even better than being a bricklayer where you make only \$16,000 a year. There are a lot more benefits in wrestling than people think.

Q: How much money do you make?

A: Next question, please.

Q: Okay. Here's the one you've been waiting for. What happened on the 15th of January when you lost to Freddie Blassie?

A: (Exploding) What happened after I lost to who???

Q: Blassie. You lost to Blassie on January 15th.

A: Okay. I'll tell you. The record book says I lost. But I really



won. They reversed the decision. There was a masked guy sitting by the side of the ring. I think he calls himself "The Pro." Anyway, I had Blassie bloody and beaten. I threw him out of the ring. I knocked him down and he was out for the count. Then this masked guy threw some kind of foreign material—iodine or methiolate, into Blassie's face. Blassie got counted out and I got the belt. I was the America's Champion. Later, they came into my dressing room and took the belt back. They told me Blassie didn't lose his belt because there was outside interference involved. I didn't ask for no outside interference. But they disqualified me anyway. That's how Blassie "beat me!"

Q: Okay, Dutch, final question.

A: (Interrupts) It's about time.

Q: What do you keep under your knee pad?

A: My knee, my dear, just my knee!

FEAR NO MAN!

ABSOLUTELY
FREE!

IN JUST 24 HOURS... You start using these destructive self-defense secrets to render any bully twice your size absolutely helpless in seconds!

10 TIMES MORE EFFECTIVE THAN BOTH JUDO AND KARATE

Faster! More scientific! Positively amazing! Now for the first time, you can learn and use all the most effective, most deadly methods of self-defense ever devised by man—all yours in this great course! Learn how to use in a few days, Karate, Savate, Judo, Secret Police Methods, Foot Fighting, Rough & Tumble, Boxing, etc., to render any bully twice your size absolutely harmless in seconds. You will immediately see and learn how a smaller, weaker man, even a woman can overpower, even cripple a 200 pound brute in a flash. Dynamic fighting secrets closely guarded for over 5,000 years are yours just for the asking! Learn how to use centuries-old methods of combat

taken from the archives of the Indian and Japanese killer cult temples, Nahuatl Tribes, the ferocious Aztecs, Nazi and Communist Secret Police—and now for the first time it's easy to learn all these hidden shocking secrets in the privacy of your own home in just 15 minutes a day... gain complete confidence in yourself as you quickly master all the fighting "KNOW HOW" of the greatest self-defense fighters. Here's everything you'll ever need to protect yourself and loved ones and never be embarrassed or afraid or get "weak in the knees" again. Send coupon for your free book now.

You Can Become A Terrifying, Destructive, Self-Defense Fighting Machine In Just 30 Days

NOT SIZE • NOT POWER • NOT STRENGTH

What's the secret? I don't care if you're skinny or fat, muscular or weak, tall or short, 15 or 50—how young or old you are—I can turn you into an arsenal of power. My amazing course is the greatest achievement in the art of self-defense. It took 20 years and over \$200,000 to uncover these terrifying combative secrets of the past. It shows that the key to your fighting power is in "KNOW-HOW"—not in muscles. With these "KNOW-HOW" secrets—you can with cool confidence, at a moment's notice, become a terrifying fighting machine unleashing hidden power that even you don't know you have. Your arms will become powerful, protective shields, your legs will have the piston-like kick of a kangaroo, your fingers will jab like knives, and your shoulders, elbows, knees and feet will be sledge-hammer battering rams of crushing force. You'll protect yourself and loved ones from any hoodlum twice your size who's foolish enough to attack you. I guarantee that I can do all this for you in 30 days if you rush in free coupon now!

COMPLETE FIGHTING MASTERY AND CONFIDENCE IN 24 HOURS

With these "KNOW-HOW" secrets, you will overnight become a walking "TERRIFYING FIGHTING MACHINE". Whoever is dumb enough to dare to attack you—no matter how big, heavy or tall—no matter what training he has had—you will at a second's notice be able to unleash all the Karate, Savate, Judo, Jiu-Jitsu, Commando, Jungle Fighting, Street Fighting, Secret Police and other secrets which show you how with just one simple jab of one finger to paralyze the toughest wrestler, with one chop shatter the strangle hold of the most brutal street fighter and reduce these hoodlums and wise guys into yellow-belly cowards and make them writhe in pain—as if they were mere children! I guarantee you—my secrets are so amazing—so incredible—they practically make your hair stand on end! If you really want to be a fearless fighter in 30 days, rush in the free coupon now and get your copy of this course while this limited offer lasts.

RUSH COUPON NOW! Only swift action taken by you NOW—this very minute—will bring you a copy of this limited course while they last. Every page ablaze with trip hammer secrets, showing you how you can unleash in 24 hours the most ferocious and dynamic self-defense fighting secrets of history's most accomplished masters. This limited offer—offered only to men who never want to be afraid again!

Says **JOE WEIDER**

Acknowledged World's No. 1
"Trainer of Champions"



NOW MASTER ALL THESE DEVASTATING FIGHTING SECRETS

ASSASSINS: From this secret religious Middle-East order of anathematic killers, came the word "Assassinate". Their sensational fighting methods are fully revealed.

UMURAI WARRIORS: Proud, feudal Warlords of old Japan, earned to kill with bare feet and hands so as not to soil their sacred weapons on the lower classes. Their secrets—guarded for centuries—now are revealed to you.

CARIBS: Fierce savage natives, whose frightful methods of fighting shocked even the most brutal cut-throats among men. From them came the word "Cannibals". All their secrets are now revealed.

FOOT-FIGHTING: The French Underworld perfected Savate—foot fighting, techniques more crippling than the iron fist of a champion boxer. Here you learn their secrets never revealed for fear of punishment by death.

JUDO, JIU JITSU: The ancient Chinese art of Human Destruction. Only few bits ever seeped through. Now—first time—learn the Whole System. Nothing Omitted.

ROUGH AND TUMBLE FIGHTING: From the docks, dives, waterfronts, back alleys, barrooms, from the toughest cities, lumber and mining camps, comes this roughest, toughest, ruthless method of fighting. Here you learn in detail the best of these tactics of these rough and tumble fighters.

YOU'LL LEARN, TOO, ABOUT THE BLOOD-BATH SYSTEMS OF SELF-DEFENSE of the awesome, shocking techniques of the VANDALS, THUGGESS, AZTECS—the fierce KARATES from the deep Orient, plus the deadliest modern methods of

JUNGLE FIGHTING, BOXING, WRESTLING, SECRET POLICE METHODS, COMMANDOS and discover in their original form the shocking, dim, hideous secrets from the ancient EGYPTIAN and HINDU temples.

MAIL NOW—FOR THESE FIGHTING SECRETS!

209-22SD2

JOE WEIDER, Trainer of Champions

25 Maple Street Norwood, N.J. 07648

Yes Joe; I never again want to be "Weak In The Knees" and "Chicken Out" when insulted and attacked. I need your self-defense secrets that you reveal in your free booklet "How To Be A Destructive Self-Defense Fighter In Days". I am enclosing 25-cents to help cover the cost and handling of the booklet which is guaranteed to do all you say or I can get my money back.

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

THIS BOOK IS YOURS

FREE!

JUST MAIL COUPON



Arnold Schwarzenegger
"Mr. Universe" and "Mr. Olympia"
INTRODUCES

sexi-

waist

You see them on the beaches—guys with muscular waists that look like they were carved out of granite. Girls see them, too. And they respond. These guys weren't born with rock-hard waists, you know—they worked at it, sometimes for months and even years at a time. Something you don't have to do—no anymore—now that this sensational, quick-action "SEXI-WAIST" Plan is here! It makes use of 2 fantastic scientific "Fire-Power" weapons, full of Concentrated Power—as used by athletes in the "know" to chisel out a muscular, manlier "Sexi-Waist" in weeks—instead of months or years. The "SEXI-WAIST" Plan brings your "Sexi-Waist" and "Sexual Power" together fast—so stop wasting your time and start "sexualizing" your waist today!

**A Fantastic New Way
to Slim and Trim
Your Waist—
and "Power Up"
Your Pelvic Zone**

Here's how the "sexi-waist" plan "communicates its power...

1. SEXI-WAIST SAUNA-SLIMMER

Just slip into the Sexi-Sauna Slimmer as you would any ordinary shorts—and instantly it traps your body heat, creating a Sauna-like warmth which helps loosen your fat molecules, melt away fat-promoting fluids, and warms up your entire sexual zone (takes only a few minutes). It helps make your muscles more supple and flexible and builds up "Concentrated Power" to get them ready for...

2. SEXI-WAIST SLIMMER-WHEEL

Now you use this incredible little wheel to help roll the fat away. Just 5 minutes of "Concentrated Power" exercises with the wheel's simple 2-way action pulls in, tones, "powerizes" your abdominal muscles—and carves out a muscular, manlier waist, besides giving your whole pelvic area more stamina, more go-power!

Now you relax. Go about your routine; watch TV, work around the house, etc.—while still wearing the Sauna Slimmer! No matter what you're doing, the SEXI-WAIST Plan keeps working for you, doing its slimming work—silently, comfortably and with no further effort on your part! The Sauna Slimmer doesn't show... only the inches that go! After you've done this simple SEXI-WAIST routine for a few weeks, women will notice your new "sexy waist" because it will be healthy and youthful-looking, firm and "virile-to-the-touch". Your Waist Couldn't Ask For More!



sexi-waist

—The Beautiful Waist Prescription For the Troubled Gut!

For a
"sexi-waist"
mail coupon now!

JOE WEIDER, Dept. 209-22SW1
25 Maple Street
Norwood, N.J. 07648

Dear Joe: I want to "sexualize" my waist and make it trim, muscular and more virile looking — send me your SEXI-WAIST Plan right away — which includes the Sauna-Slimmer and Slimmer Wheel. I'm enclosing \$21.96 as payment in full.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Canadian orders filled in Canada—no duty to pay.



An Important Message **To Every Man And Woman** *In America* **Losing His Or Her Hair**

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

ness of your hair, the itchy scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its

keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

©1969 Comate Corporation Dept. 3302A
21 WEST 44 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."
—D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO, N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 3302A
21 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund on return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find \$10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. Enclosed is \$1 deposit. I will pay postman \$9 plus about \$1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the \$1.50 by enclosing \$10.
Canada, Foreign, APO, FPO, add \$1 -- No C.O.D.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!



Let us show you how to play the guitar

(or any of nine other popular musical instruments)

Yearn to play music? We'll teach you with lessons we send you by mail – for far less than the \$4 to \$10 an hour a private instructor might charge you.

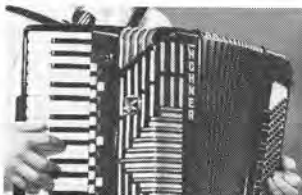
The same things a private instructor would show you in person, we show you with words and pictures (see sample above). And like a good private teacher, we teach you to play the right way – by note, from regular sheet music.

How do you know you're doing things correctly? Easy. A lot of the tunes you'll practice first are simple songs you've heard many times. Since you already know how they're supposed to sound, you can tell immediately when you've "got them right."

By the time you go on to more advanced pieces, you'll be able to tell if your notes and timing are right, even without being familiar with the songs. Sooner than you may think, you'll be able to play whatever kind of music you like. Popular. Classical. Folk music. Dance songs. Hymns.

You learn at your own pace. And the cost is low. Tuition for the entire course comes to just pennies a day.

Thousands have learned this convenient way. Why not you? Learn more by mailing coupon for our free booklet, *Be Your Own Music Teacher*. Free Piano "Note-Finder" also included. No obligation. *U.S. School of Music. Estab. 1898. Lic. by N. Y. State.*



U. S. School of Music,
Port Washington, New York 11050

I'm interested in learning to play the instrument checked below. Please send me, FREE, your illustrated booklet, *Be Your Own Music Teacher* and a free "Piano Note-Finder." I am under no obligation. Check the instrument you would like to play: (check only one)

- | | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Piano | <input type="checkbox"/> Steel Guitar | <input type="checkbox"/> Accordion |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Guitar | <input type="checkbox"/> Saxophone | <input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Organ—pipe,
electronic, reed | <input type="checkbox"/> Violin | <input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> Ukulele |

Print

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Accredited Member National Home Study Council.

©1969 U. S. School of Music

1262